THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States.—Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Vol. LIV. R. J. C. WALKER, No. 727 Walnut Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1875. Three Dollars a Year, in Advance. No. 32.

THE VOYAGE.

BY C. W.

I.—ANCHORED.

O weary days and nights, so still, so still—
The useless sails hang flapping stiff and slow
We pine and chafe, and set our helpless will
In vain revolt at what to change, to know.
Is not for us. We hear the strong winds blow
And fret as in the east, the west, we see
Great ships and small go sliding fast and free.

II.—ADRIFT.

O fearful days and nights so dark and cold—
The swift waves mock and leap on every side:
No rudder steers: no mast nor spar can hold;
We think no ear could hear us if we cried;
We think God would not miss us if we died;
We feel forgotten, helpless, cast away;
We shut our eyes and do not even pray.

III.—ON SHORE.

O peaceful days and peaceful nights whose peace
Cannot be uttered! O green shores of life
Beyond the body! Shall we ever cease
To smile that through such hot and silly strife
We came? That doubts and fears could grow so rife?
That we could fail to see how God's good hand
Our anchorings and our driftings planned?

CHARON,

THE RED FOX!

A TALE OF THE PLAINS.

By CAPTAIN CARNES,

Author of "Red Kelly," "Wetzal, The Scout."

Half-way they were met by a courier—a mere boy, clinging by the mane to the bare back of his horse—riding for life.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

Stannard narrated what we already know concerning the outrage and murder of the stage passengers, while Barbour, ghastly and pale, strode up and down the room like a maniac.

"My God," he answered, "my dear, dear Elsie; what terrible fate has overwhelmed her? Stannard, for the love of heaven, plan—act for me—so long a time has elapsed, that I am utterly bewildered."

"I can suggest nothing better than to employ some of the ablest scouts of the frontier to search for her."

"Search where? There are a thousand fastnesses in the Rocky Mountains and the nearer range of Black Hills, where she may be held in captivity for years, or tortured to death without learning one trace. My poor, poor Elsie! Can we hope to find any scouts in the vicinity of the fort?"

"Dan and Buns were hourly expected in when I left, but it will not be safe to base much hope on them, as they are mostly employed in guiding trains across the prairies."

"Let us ride in immediately."

"Hold a little!" returned his companion, as he shaded his eyes with his hands. "Do you see those straight columns of smoke rising in every direction from the plains?"

"I have watched them for two nights now. Curse the red snakes."

"They are beacon fires."

"Without a doubt."

"And it behooves every settler on the extreme frontier, if he have a home to remain near to defend it."

"Do you think danger menaces us here?" demanded Barbour, with that incredulous surprise which shows how prone we are to believe that we are to escape those calamities which may and do overwhelm others.

"It is quite impossible to tell that," returned the captain. "If only people knew just *where* and *when* danger threatened them, they could, in a measure, protect themselves. At least, it behooves the settlers to be on the alert. So soon as friendly darkness veils the earth I shall ride southerly towards the fort, and if I arrive safely, by to-morrow night the best scouts that money can procure shall be in possession of all that I know of your sister's fate, and started upon the trail of the cowardly abductors."

The two friends shook hands.

"Meanwhile, Edward, arouse the men here to vigilance. I have a foreboding that these signal fires will work woe for the pioneer."

"It isn't safe," mused Stannard, as he rode away, "for a handful of settlers to push so far out from the military posts."

He turned in his saddle and looked back.

"I am nervous since my illness; but I have a sickening sense of belief that I am never to see Barbour alive again. Only eight miles to the fort. What if I should hasten on and procure a squad of soldiers to return to Barbourville with me. The idea is, I suppose, absurd. They have noticed nothing to signify unusual danger; they believe themselves too insignificant to create a desire for murder and pillage in the savage breast. Perhaps they are right; I wish that I knew."

It was a lovely night, and had the country been quiet and safe, the solitary horseman would have greatly enjoyed it, but nervous as he, for some inexplicable reason, had become, he felt that he must move with extreme caution, for scouting parties from the outposts had reported the plains actually swarming with savages. He left the broad traveled trail, and took a by-route, and reached the fort unmolested, but so beset was he with his forebodings concerning Barbourville, that instead of retiring to rest, as his still feeble health suggested, he remained in the barracks yard conversing with the young fellows whom the beauty of the night had retained outside.

"There's a dull glow showing yonder," said Lieutenant O'Conner, tossing his hand toward the far horizon.

The hour was close upon midnight.

"How far away is it?"

"The matter of eight or ten miles, sir, I should say," returned a subaltern.

"Can I have a squad of soldiers to ride out towards yonder fire?" was Stannard's agitated question, as he advanced towards General C——.

"Is it more than a beacon on some eminence, captain?"

"I think—I fear it is. I will use all caution, sir, but it seems heartless to remain inactive, when, perhaps, the settlers are being butchered almost within call of our voices."

"Have you an idea of the locality of the fire?"

"It is in the direct course of Barbourville, through which I came on my return here. It is a small place of not more than thirty inhabitants."

"Take O'Conner's detachment along, captain, but, for heaven's sake, be cautious. You are likely to be ensnared on your way there."

"We will be careful."

"But you would be too late if it is already fired."

"Too late for anything but, perhaps, to pick up the poor creatures who might have crawled off in the grass, and are for the time safe."

They were soon mounted and off—a score of brave fellows, and as the red glow leaped and sank against the background of sky, they drove on at the utmost speed. Stannard each moment became more fully convinced that Barbourville had been attacked, and halfway between the fort and the settlement they were met by a courier—a mere boy clinging by the mane to the bare back of his flying horse. He was riding for life, and did not stop to question whether the coming party were friends or foes. Unable to check his horse, which had been gallingly wounded when the intrepid youth of sixteen had dashed through the young township, it was only when he was halted in the centre of the group of soldiers that he found voice.

"Thank God, ye are soldiers. Come back to the settlement. The Indians have fired the town; only the little block house is unburnt, and they are all in there trying to defend their lives. Oh, Edward Barbour sent me to the fort for Captain Stannard—but come, come, it is already too late."

The party momentarily halted to hear the boy's explanation, then dashed forward at even a fiercer pace.

Ere the remaining four miles were accomplished, the fiends had finished their work. The rude cabin of logs had been ignited by the blazing arrows which pricked its joints on every side, and the settlers fleeing from the fire, fell a prey to the knife and tomahawk.

Not a savage was to be seen or heard when the score of hardy soldiers dashed in among the smoking, falling ruins.

Shocked, palsied with horror, the first prostrate form over which Stannard stumbled proved to be that of his friend Barbour. Believing him only a scalped and gory corpse, Stannard, with desperate strength, caught him up and bore him a little to one side where he knew that a stream of clear water was flowing, and dipping his hand in this, he wiped away the blood, hoping in a wild, unreal excitement, that it might prove other than his friend. Sick at heart, with his worst fears realized, he laid him down again; but was it fancy or did the dead man's lips move, and did he utter the word "Elsie?"

"I will search for her, Ed., to the ends of the earth," answered Stannard, stooping to whisper the assurance in the ear of the corpse.

The soldiers remained near the scene of the tragedy until the early daylight allowed them to bury the dead.

Again the eastern papers chronicled—"Another Indian atrocity. A small settlement attacked, and every person brutally murdered."

Now we will take up the line of march without any more retrograde movements and resume our narration of events.

It was here where only a scar—a blackened scar—remained of Barbourville that we first meet Charon. In whatsoever way he was connected with the little township, future developments will show. It is not known where he passed the succeeding hours until early dawn lighted up the western world, when he again appeared on foot, stalking silently and grimly in the vicinity of the late settlement. He was perseveringly searching for the direction of the trail, and for any peculiarities connected with it. His fierce, eager movements certainly bespoke none of the stoicism ascribed to those with savage blood in their veins. By-and-by he arose to his feet, spoke a few words in apparently broken English, threw out his arms, and gave vent to that wild yelp and howl which, for its very bravado, made the Texas Fox the terror of marauding skulkers on the plains.

As I previously said, time will prove what interest he had in the people of Barbourville, but he did not forget his agreement to join and guide a train which was expected to come up through the Indian Territory with supplies for the outposts. He was to be joined at Yellow Creek by two or more brother scouts, when, in company, they were to get down through the Delaware's section, and strike the regular trail leading off from the Staked Plain.

CHAPTER IV.

HUNTING FOR A TRAIL.

A soft, starry summer night on the plains. The young moon, with her screen up, was turning her face away from earth, allowing little more than the rim of her ear to be visible, and the stars twinkled and winked unchided around her. To a casual or careless observer, lifting only his insignificant height above the tall grasses, the plain seemed like a solemn green sea, from whose surface all life had fallen down. No wild beasts roared; only a short, echoless note from some smaller animal, the blended rasping and sawing of a myriad of insects at work in the grass; only the silent, graceful, spectral uprising of thin columns of smoke, suggesting to the initiated grim, crouching, stealthy savages.

However, we will visit one of these camp-fires, the smoke of which, fitful and wavering, shows that the embers are smouldering. In a basin-like hollow near a clump of stunted cottonwood trees, two men are reclining in an indolent and apparently careless position upon the grass. The red embers of their fire are cooking to a turn the chunks of juicy venison picketed within roasting distance.

The two veterans are burning tobacco as if on a wager, and for a time uninterrupted silence prevailed.

"A slim chance at this season of the year." It was the elder scout who spoke first.

"You are thinking of their migratory habits, Buns."

"Yes; the reds stay but leetle time in a place. The prospect of better hunting grounds trails 'em about like ignis fatuuses. Agin, we've got but a poor guide to find the gal. I sartingly hinge to the idee that it moughtbe the perarer flowers ez has 'loped with her, an' agin it moughtn't."

"I heard you argue like this with Captain Stannard," returned his companion.

Buns now arose from his reclining position, put away his pipe in some inner receptacle, and with his hair, like seafoam, rising around the close-fitting cap, he spoke with the utmost conviction:

"Fustly, was it Injins as attacked the stage that night when, as Stannard affirms, the gal was kidnapped, or white renegades with red allies? Agin, who was the fellar, as he says, she recognized, leastwise, thought she did, among the passengers—ther feller spoken of with ther tawny beard? Agin, secondly and lastly, who were the missin' two stagers as didn't show thar corpses, an' what become on 'em?"

"Made captives, no doubt, with the girl."

"Invited inter an Injin sociable an' bonfire, eh? 'Taint likely. The darkness of the night, as Stannard describes it, and as we experienced ourselves, permulgatin' as we did about ther flats, fur ther most part on all-fours, would hardly allow ov ther attackin' party ter pick an' choose who ter toast an' who ter roast. No, I'm halted 'tween two opinions. Either sum sentermentall Sioux pictured his wigwam hembellished with this gal a-splittin' of his kindlin' an' fillin' his callumut, while he laid heds an' pints on the oderiffrous hides or his antisteral ruff-tree, or else that tawny beard, with malice a-fourpence, tuk occasion in ther general hubbub ter tuck her under his wing an' make off."

"I hardly see how it could be accomplished, Buns."

"Probable; but then ther were loose hosses—leastwise, poor Max's black devils hazn't ansered ter roll-call since."

"Poor Max!" echoed Dan, "a braver fellow never lived—and he was so proud of his invincible four-in-hand."

"By-the-by," returned Buns, in a mysterious and significant whisper, "'tain't no more 'an I expected; but Pingo, the half-breed, scouting about to meet a party away beyond Laramie, sez as how the night afore we started, he was most rid on to by Max an' his nigh leader. Yer remember ther vicious beast, with ther blaze of white down her long face?"

"Max?" echoed Dan, incredulously.

"His outline," affirmed Buns. "I expected it, mally, I did. Men as is tuk outer life in that ere outrageous manner don't lay still in ther grass. They rise—yes, sir!"

"Only in the maw of the buzzards," returned matter-of-fact Dan.

"Wall, then, it mighter been a buzzard on hossback," snorted the old scout, indignautly. "I ain't a gwine to say anything agin a man because he ain't as old as he may be; but, Dan, when ye're squatted about ther hollers of existence, an' prerambulated ther foot hills to ther extent as I've done, you'll see strange sights and be reddy ter believe anything or nothing. Howsumdever, while this yer hairangue goes on, one corner of my apron of steak is did to er crisp. Hev salt on yours, Dan?"

"Just a dusting."

"No doubt thar's dust-in with it, but ther dust is sich that the hart won't rue what the eye don't see."

While they devoured their juicy meat, the conversation took another turn.

"Is it best," inquired Dan, "for us to boldly enter the Indian village which we can see from the eminence, and propose trading with them, or shall we reconnoitre cautiously?"

"No trade," returned Buns, decidedly. "I don't like the appearance of things about this band to which we air in proximity. Thar's too much creep showin' among these lodges. Ther ain't a settled people hereabout. The ground would hev more of a trod-up look. Thar's a quiet seemin' about the crotched sticks that arguys summat's up. I prognoseticate that ther bone and muasul of these nomuds is right on ther ochre—leastwise, the war-path. Arter fortyfyin' my inner Buns with ther mortal remains of this buffeler, I think ter surruptitiously advance and see ef sum of their brunets hain't got a light in ther winder for me—at a ventur, I'll see what I can see. Lay low among the cottonwood, Dan, until I return."

The intrepid scout crept cautiously away. As this was the first Indian village that they had caught a glimpse of since starting upon their enterprise, he felt that he must investigate the nature of the band.

That they were Sioux he guessed by the peculiar construction of the lodges, and, although it was nowise likely that the captive girl was with them, yet the well-trained scout never lets an incident pass unquestioned, nor leaves one circumstance unexplained among his varied experiences.

Dan, knowing that his companion would be more successful in his quest of knowledge alone, remained in the hollow where they had halted for their evening meal. His patience, however, was doomed to be taxed to the utmost, for hours of the short summer night sped onward without the scout's return.

Dan crouched closely in the shadows thrown down by the stunted trees, listened and started at every new or strange sound, and got what little of comfort and companionship he could from the thoughts and memories that flashed into his brain. He knew that midnight had been long past, the moving and changing of the stars being his timepiece, and, thoroughly alarmed, he arose cautiously to his feet, looked well to his rifle, and prepared also to creep towards the Indian lodges to ascertain the fate of his companion.

As he was crossing the dry bed of the creek, his arm felt a sudden clutch, and a well-known voice spoke in a guttural whisper:

"Hist! yer got yer foot in it, too, Dan. I ain't been no furdner'n here yet, to-night. I hed advanced so fur, when I diskivered someat on the hill beyond, an' them ere northern lights streamed up jest in time ter bring me to a standstill. Ther apparition yender is moveless as a statoot, but ef it ain't an Injin peruke I'll never guess agin. He's watchin' someat; at er ventur it's me; an' of he makes a furorement to other syruptitious reds ter flank us, I'll make a cullender of his skull."

Dan, ere this, had also discovered the suspicious tuft that was visible on the pinnacle of the hill before them.

"It is an Indian," he said, "and the sooner we retreat to the cottonwood belt the safer it will be for us. But why does he not move?"

"Watchin' suthin," laconically returned Buns, "an' I've spent hours of as fine a night as one need wish to move about in, trying' to diskiver his plan of thinkin'. I can't, an' I motion orderly retreat.

Strangely enough, they regained the belt of bush unmolested, and for more than two hours they remained crouching in the hollow, expecting instantaneous attack.

"Now, then," remarked Buns, "it's within an hour of day dawn, and so soon as I diskiver ef that peruke is disappeared, we'd better set our toes away from this hollow."

He advanced out a little way, to ascertain if the coast was clear, but almost immediately returned, with the hurried explanation:

"Thar's a big show clus abord or us. Fold yerself inter small diameter and circumference, fur the hole bluddy string on em's care-colling home from er fight, either with thar quarrelsome kinfokes, or from a butchery of white settlers. The secret of the redskin on the heights is plain; he was watchin' for the braves. Ter-night thar'll be a ball an' scalp dances an' a general bedlam thar by the little huts among ther bushes, and it war safer fur you an' I, Dan, ter toe out from this, while ther welcomin' of ther warriors is at its hights."

Buns's advice was esteemed good, and so soon as the hideous pageant had filed past, the two scouts crept back a few rods until the growth of small trees concealed them from view, when they struck off on a more westerly course and traveled rapidly for nearly an hour, when the day dawning gay and bright, they concluded to withdraw into a ravine that crossed their course and remain concealed until nightfall again.

"Fur," said the elder scout, "I'm more'n certain, Dan, that 'mong ther sculps that were strung up on thar spearpoles, I discried a tuft of yaller hair, which is proof possitif that they've fed ther war sperit among ther white settlers."

"Have you fixed upon your course?" asked the younger man, who in all respects was a sort of deputy to the other.

"Mostly. I shell keep my toes nor'westerly until I reach ther waters of ther Columbia, unless sumat beyond my present knowledge strikes me off the trail here. An' we've got to step wide, Dan, in order to do the journey thoroughly, and get down on the flats agin before cold weather. I don't relish bein' overtooked by winter in the Rockies."

"Still we are positive that the girl was captured by the Sioux, if taken at all by Indians. They keep away from the mountains, more in the good hunting grounds, at this season."

"Suttingly, and you hardly see the effyeussy of going back inter ther fastnesses, among ther odds and ends of savages—the Shoshonies, the Flatheads, and Arickaries, let alone ther imperiel Blackfeet?"

"Precisely."

"Still, Dan, ez ther unadulterated Injin is a trudin' character az well as hoss jockey, untoward events an' axidents causes an immense swoppin' er hosses, trappins and captives. Tharfor, whatever marchandize starts out from ther settlemunts in ther persession of one tribe may be drive inter ther village of Crotched Sticks by another party or Perukes."

"True; but the expedition seems to me likely to prove bootless."

"Yer hev it, Dan, bootless az er mogersoned foot; howsomdever, we'll see. Ef I'd took ther course ov my inclination I'd cross ther Rockies an' permulgate among ther metal territories, ther haven ov rest fur holesale rogues and cutthroats. But I perpose, for ther time bein', that we wander about the Black Hills, an' ef we stumble upon any remnant ov ther twelve or more tribes ov Isreal, we can catekise az ter a white woman az is likely ter split basket stuff or kindlin' in ther tents ov ther heathing."

"When with you," went on Dan, "I do not pretend to have an opinion; you have spent so much of your life among the savages that you understand their ways and methods better than any other guide and scout east of the Rockies."

"And if I had my will on em—ther hole bluddy race—I'd send unmitergated small-pox ter kerry um to ther happy huntin' grounds—over thar."

"Oh, you are too bitter, or vindictive Buns."

"Em I? Twelve years ago I hed a wife an' child under ther very wing ov ther fort in the little settlement of Bufort. Hevin' occasion ter guide er train down ter Santa Fe, I returned to find ther settlemunt in ashes, my wife mur-

dured, an' my little boy a captive. I've led a nomadic life ever sence, but hev never so much ez sot eyes upon him nor his remains."

"Do you imagine that he was killed?"

"Hardly, or they would not have troubled at first to carry him off. No, I imagine that traversing about west of the Rockies, I might find him."

Dan shook his head discouragingly.

"I believe that as so many years have passed, I should rather choose to cling to a pleasant memory of the child, than to find him the smoky, greasy chief of some red band, and the husband of a platter-faced squaw."

"Ah," returned Buns, "how more'n plain tiz, Dan, that you're talkin' 'bout somebody's boy not yer own; an' I kan't adopt ther idea that you hold forth."

"You probably will find reality all the harder to bear; but, at any rate, let me ask how you expect ever to identify him in case you should find him?"

"He hed a mark like a cranberry on hiz neck under the left ear, an'," meditatively, "I may find him and I may not; but I shell keep lookin' all my life long."

For two days after their fortunate avoidance of the home-returning warriors, they pursued their course towards the Black Hills unmolested. They shaped their course so as to ensure a route along which few signal fires had been seen the evening previous. They crossed old trails and new, broad trails and narrow ones, but met with no remarkable adventure until they arrived in proximity to the wild fastnesses of the hills, then, when a motion of the hand from Buns had caused a sudden halt, Dan glanced inquiringly about him for a solution of the mysterious movement.

CHAPTER V.

CAPTURE OF THE TRAIN.

Meanwhile, Captain Stannard, with a company of soldiers, cavalrymen who had seen hard fighting, headed by Charon and another veteran scout, went forward to meet Colonel Gardiner's supply train.

"Press forward, with all possible speed," was the parting injunction of General Dixon at the fort, as he again glanced over his dispatches, "they must be moved out now a day's march upon the plains, and there is but a small, a recklessly small number of men with the long, heavy train."

So the party of reinforcements pushed forward, with only half hour halts at noon, and necessary pauses for reconnoitering.

On the evening of the third day out, the elder guide advised a halt of sufficient length to rest themselves and horses, for, said he:

"Ez I figger, Colonel Gardiner's train will get ther for'ard corks abreast ov us afore midnight, an' then, or soon arter, we may be expectin' bizniss; so, ex 'twould seem, we need a brief resput."

His arguments were correct, and posting a sharp lookout, the horses were picketed, and a fire built wherewith to make the weary men a draught of coffee.

"Wall, did yer diskiver anything onhealthy, Sharin?" inquired the leader of the party, as the Texas Fox, being relieved by Lieutenant Colby, came in from his lookout.

"Onhelthy? No bad sight yet on ther plain. Only dust, much dust, heap, roll up, belly out, many miles off."

"Oh, ho! Ther train, boys! ther train! an' we ain't had supper a might too soon, it appears."

"Not too soon, Old Style, yer say much right, yer git yer hosses up. Dust no cum up that-a-way," pointing in the direction of Santa Fe.

"Judus Icecarrot!" exclaimed the scout, scrambling the remnants of the meal into the leathern pouches predestined to lodge such remains, "what does Sharing mean? Play up boot and saddle, an' call in them two or three stragglers. What hev yer made of these symptoms, Sharing?"

"We get up, we get on two miles more, hide in der line ov bush along crik. Me go on a little more, do so," making a patent telescope of his hand and holding it to his eye, "make'ee out. Hi-yah! you no make big talk, soon dark."

The cavalry were immediately in rapid motion again; the wearied brutes coming into line once more with dumb but ineffectual remonstrances.

In the slight shelter afforded by the fringe of dwarf trees lining the now dry bed of the creek, the body of soldiers halted, while Charon dismounted and crept to the top of a cone-like elevation to ascertain the nature, if possible, of the body of horsemen moving under the pillar of cloud.

If the waiting party had entertained any hopes that it might prove a party of soldiers, like themselves, sent to reinforce some incoming train, the delusion was speedily put to flight by Charon's hurried exclamation as he sprang into their midst.

"Apaches! Apaches!"

"Lor, Sharing, air yer correct? An' what's thar bizincss?"

"Two parties, big one goin' to meet Colonel Gardiner."

"Tother on, Sharing?"

"Say we no meet him."

"Blue realms abov! hev they diskivered us?"

"Yah!"

"An' air thinkin' ter shoot like er shettle 'tween ther train an' ourselfs?"

"Yah."

"Now, then, let's argy that pint with hoss legs. Cappen Stannard, ez me an' Sharing know ther route, we'll strike out, an' ef yer know ov enny argiment that'll winner ther dust, set yer hoss heels ter siftin' it."

With this, he passed the column of men from the rear to the front, at a pace only extracted from the lithe limbed animals of Texas. The impulse was given to the line. In a moment every soldier was rushing on after the red cockade of Charon, as it seemed to leap in advance of them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WOMEN often fancy themselves in love when they are not. The love of being loved, fondness of flattery, the pleasure of giving pain to a rival, passion for novelty and excitement, are frequently mistaken for something far better and holier, till marriage disenchants the fair self-deceiver, and leaves her astonished at her own indifference and the evaporation of her romantic fancies.

ALL deep feelings agree in this, that they seek for solitude and are nursed by solitude. Deep grief, deep love—how naturally do these ally themselves with religious feelings; and all three, love, grief, religion, are haunters of solitary places.

SERENADE.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Sleep sweet, beloved one, sleep sweet!
Without here night is growing,
The dead leaf falls, the dark boughs meet,
And a chill wind is blowing.
Strange shapes are stirring in the night
To the deep breezes' wailing,
And slow, with wistful gleams of light,
The storm-tossed moon is sailing.

Sleep sweet, beloved one, sleep sweet!
Fold thy white hands, my blossom!
Thy warm limbs in thy lily sheet,
Thy hands upon thy bosom.
Though evil thoughts may walk the dark,
Not one shall near thy chamber
But dreams divine shall pause to mark,
Singing to lutes of amber.

Sleep sweet, beloved one, sleep sweet!
Though, on thy bosom creeping,
God's hand is laid to feel the beat
Of thy soft heart in sleeping.
The brother angels, Sleep and Death,
Stoop by thy couch and eye thee:
And Sleep stoops down to drink thy breath,
While Death goes softly by thee!

SHYLOCK'S DAUGHTER.

A LONDON GREEN-ROOM STORY.

BY SYDNEY FRENCH.

It is a long while ago, I was then quite a young man and new to the profession and to all connected therewith; but the events I am about to relate became indelibly stamped upon my mind, although many of the details I learned for the first time many months afterwards.

At that time in a court leading out of Bow street, there was a third-rate theatrical tavern much affected by second utility men, third low comedians, heavy men and juveniles from the "minors" and actors out of engagements and short of coin of various classes.

Thanks to such enthusiastic worshippers of the drama, the "Welkin" flourished. Not unfrequently, too, the manager of a provincial or of a minor metropolitan theatre would visit the house on business, and on these occasions most of the assembled crowd were sure of at least one drink. So between the intervals of loafing against the posts at the corner of the court, or at the bottom of the street opposite the police office, the hangers-on of the "Welkin" bar generally contrived to keep their glasses replenished. The attraction the house possessed for managers is easily explained. On the first floor a small, dingy room was dignified with the name of "Office," and was sacred between the hours of eleven and four to the business transactions of one George Butcher, a seldom sober, good-for-nothing, unworthy, who having broken down as an actor, mainly because he could never be trusted to remember his words at night, had gone into business as a dramatic agent. Butcher's method of doing business, was, as a rule, very simple. On receiving a fee of one shilling with a promise of a percentage on salary, when it came, he entered the names of all applicants on his books, adding such qualifications as they conceived themselves endowed withal, and then a manager in search of ability was given the precious volume to read and choose for himself. As Butcher's clients were sometimes poor enough to be eager to snatch at low salaries, many managers preferred his introductions to those of more pretentious agents. Sickening indeed, however, must have been the hope often deferred, that had to be undergone by many of those who paid their shillings with full confidence that engagements were to follow at once, and fame to be secured ere long. Many a fair young face have I met on those creaking stairs, from which as disappointment followed disappointment the life light of youth and hope could be seen fading day by day.

One morning I was in Butcher's office enjoying a friendly pipe, and piecing together the latest threads of theatrical gossip, when a timid knock at the door caused a short "come in" from the agent. A young girl, certainly not more than seventeen, entered, and immediately on seeing Butcher was not alone, half uttered an apology and would have retired; Butcher, however, scented a shilling, detained her.

"Never mind my friend. He knows all my business, you can speak openly before him."

And truth to say there was, as a rule little secrecy or delicacy about Butcher's transactions.

"You want an engagement, I suppose, miss?"

"Yes, sir; I"—began the visitor; hesitatingly.

"What name?" interrupted Butcher.

"Mabel Everson."

"One shilling, miss, please."

The necessary coin having been produced, the agent, with much apparent care, entered the name, and then resumed his questions.

"What line?"

"I am not particular, indeed, sir, any small parts I think I could play."

"Eh?—ah!—I see—walking lady—boys."

"Boys!—I would rather not."

"Oh, nonsense!—soon get over that—just the figure and face for boys, my dear. Don't you think so?" This to me.

I nodded shortly, for truth to tell I had been so struck by the manner and appearance of the young lady, that I felt quite disgusted with the coarse familiarity of Butcher's manner, though really he meant no harm.

"What salary do you require?"

"Oh, I should be thankful to take anything, however small."

"Hem! Where was your last engagement?"

"I have not yet made an appearance, but——"

"No, I thought not. I am afraid, Miss Everson," continued the agent, "I cannot hold out much hope. But I will do the best I can for you. What is your address?"

"995 Kennington Road;" and having said this, the visitor rose to leave, already seeming to despair of any good arising from her call. But at the last moment a sudden thought seemed to strike her, and she turned.

"It is true, Mr. Butcher, that I am really a novice, but from my childhood my father intended me for the stage, and never ceased to tutor me for my future profession, and you must, I am sure, remember him well enough to forgive me for saying that he was thoroughly capable of teaching me."

"Your father?" Butcher exclaimed, looking at the name in the book. "Is Herbert Everson your father?"

"Is—or was?"

"Was? Do you not know where he is?"

"No, indeed. I do not know why I trouble you with my confidence, save that I hope to induce you to help me if you can. I have not seen my father for four years. My mother and he unfortunately quarrelled—about a trifle—he left home and has never since been heard of, and we know not whether he be alive or dead. For a time he sent us money, anonymously. But the house in which we lived was pulled down for a new street, and since that we have heard nothing. All my mother's resources are now exhausted, and if I can earn nothing I know not what we shall do."

George pulled himself together, and for a few minutes looked more like a gentleman than he had done since the days before he took to morning drams.

"My dear Miss Everson," he said, "I knew your father intimately, and, trust me, I will help you if I can. Expect to hear from me in a day or two."

And then, condescension unprecedented, he absolutely escorted the young lady down the stairs, past the loungers at the bar, and out of the house.

Coming back to his sanctum, he threw himself into a chair, exclaiming:

"By Jove!"

He then rose and paced the room, seated himself again, and examined his book, taking no notice either of my presence or remarks, and at last burst out with:

"The rummiest go I ever remembered!"

As I could see nothing particularly "rum" in the "go," I asked for an explanation, but received for only explanation:

"Watch it to the end, my boy; watch it to the end.

"Who's that coming upstairs?" he asked, suddenly.

Reconnoitering through a latticed hatch in the door, I announced:

"The old scoundrel, Marks."

"The very man," cried George. "Now for it."

Nathan Marks was the manager of a theatre I will call the Theatre Royal, St. Pancras, which, with the exception of occasional starring weeks of legitimate business, was supported by the somewhat expensive vanity of incompetent amateurs, who paid smartly to fret and strut their little hours on the St. Pancras stage, and by certain ballets, which, in those days, were looked on as outrageously *prononce*, although in these times of opera bouffe would be thought tame and modest enough. The weekly stipends of the stars of the St. Pancras ballet rarely exceeded ten or twelve shillings, but the young ladies were capital managers, and were generally clad in velvet and sealskins, while some of them even kept broughams and pug dogs out of their salaries.

While, therefore, I could well understand that Nathan Marks might like to secure Mabel Everson—on terms, I could by no means fancy he was "the very man" for her, and was about to say as much when his entrance prevented me.

To my astonishment, after settling some other business, Butcher began to sing the praises of Mabel Everson's beauty and talents in the most enthusiastic and extravagant fashion. At last he so charmed the old scoundrel with his account of her attractions, that he extracted from him a fortnight's engagement at a pound a week, to commence on the following Monday, when an American tragedian, named Washington B. Adams, was going to star for twelve nights.

When Marks had gone, I burst into a torrent of virtuous indignation, only to be laughed at for my pains, and again told to—

"Watch it to the end, my boy; watch it to the end."

With this I had to be satisfied, and as, loose fish as he was, I never believed there was anything really bad about Butcher, I began to think there was some mystery, and determined to follow his advice.

Accordingly the Monday evening found me at the St. Pancras theatre. The play was "The Merchant of Venice," and Miss Everson, announced in the bills as Miss Florence Wilmington (the feigned name being adopted at Butcher's suggestion), was to play as "Jessica." Butcher met me in front, and, in answer to my inquiries, told me he believed she would make a great success, but that she was in great distress at the insolent attentions of old Marks, who was evidently deeply smitten with his new investment.

As I was not particularly anxious to see Mr. Adams murder "Shylock," we strolled round to the stage, and, in the green room, among others, found our *debutante*. She was evidently very nervous, and I was saying what I could to give her courage, and, I am afraid, losing my heart the while, as she looked more charming than ever in her Venetian dress, when she suddenly trembled with something very like fright, as she half-whispered:

"That dreadful man again! What shall I do?"

The dreadful man was Marks, who seemed to have a basilisk power over the poor girl, as she shrunk from his bold gaze and hideous leer, as he endeavored to pay her some clumsy compliments on her appearance.

I felt sorely tempted to kick the old scoundrel, but I knew that any interference of mine would only make matters worse, especially as I could see already that one or two members of the company, who were more susceptible to a manager's attentions, were inclined to resent the newcomer's conquest.

A young lady, dressed as one of Portia's p[illegible], and endowed by nature with no small share of a bold style of beauty, and a well-developed figure she scorned to conceal, remarked in a stage whisper to a companion:

"The new beauty's all the rage, dear; quite a pity, I am sure, her name wasn't starred in the bills."

"Where does she come from, I wonder? Never heard her name before," said the other. "Did you?"

"Name! I daresay she changes that once a month, although she does give herself such airs, as though she was too good for us."

"Yes; and I'm sure her entire wardrobe isn't worth five shillings."

These remarks, and a dozen others, proceeding from a little knot of half a dozen of what may be called the illegitimate stars of the theatre, were accompanied by a series of titters that I could see made the novice's heart beat faster, although she would not appear to hear them.

One or two actors coming in gave her a respite, by checking the ill-natured remarks, and making the conversation more general.

"I can't make out Adams. I've seen him before, somewhere, I am sure, but where, I don't know."

"He isn't an American, I'll bet," said little Billy Edwards, who was dressed for "Launcelot." "He has no more accent than I have."

"Not more than meself," assented O'Byrne, the "Old Gobbo" of the evening, who happened to possess about the richest Cork brogue in the three kingdoms, a fact of which he is sublimely unconscious.

Here the call-boy put his head in the green-room to shout for "Antonio" and "Bassanio," the great star, who was about to go on for the first time, not having condescended to enter the green-room.

As nearly everybody rushed off to hear "Shylock's" commencement, I asked Miss Everson how she had got on with the tragedian, but discovered he had not even taken the trouble to rehearse her scenes, probably having been assured by Marks that she was well up in the business. Presently a loud burst of applause told that the "many a time and oft" speech was going well, so I hastened to the wings to listen, meeting Marks at the door of the green-room as I left.

At the wing I found Butcher.

"Good, isn't he?" he asked.

"Yes, very fair.

"Ah, wait till you see his scene with Jessica."

"If she does not break down," I suggested.

"Never mind if she does. She's sure to make a sensation."

It was quite a novelty to hear George so enthusiastic, and I told him that with such faith he might have sent her to a better theatre.

"I knew what I was about," he asserted.

The drop fell, and so far the American tragedian was a decided success with the audience, but, with the company, his unpopularity rose to white heat as he returned at once to his dressing room.

"I'm sure," sneered Portia, "I suppose we are not good enough for him. I daresay I have played in better theatres than he has."

"Yes, dear, that I am sure you have," sympathized Nerissa, "and have been longer on the stage."

This was cruel, for Portia called herself five-and-twenty, and looked nearly fifty.

Here my attention was called off, for Bassanio had button-holed me to point out several special readings and merits in his performance which I admit I might otherwise have overlooked.

Presently somebody said—

"Well, we shall be able to judge him better in the next act."

"Yes," remarked Nerissa, "if Jessica doesn't spoil his scene for him. It is most unfair to artistes, putting up novices to play important parts."

Nerissa, be it observed, thought she could have played Jessica herself, though she was a short, stumpy little body, the very ideal of a *soubrette*.

"Never mind vot they says, my tear," interrupted Marks; "they're only jealous of your pretty face."

"Pretty, indeed! I don't see much beauty about her, I'm sure."

"Overture on, ladies," shouted the call-boy, and Portia and Nerissa had to depart.

Another inroad as the Belmont scene concluded and I went round to the front to give Jessica a hand of welcome on her first appearance. Her short scene with Launcelot was quite satisfactory, and as she came off I met her with some cordial little word of congratulation, when Shylock, coming up to her, said:

"Oh, by-the-by, Miss Wilmington, in this scene, will you——"

As he addressed her, Mabel Everson turned round suddenly, as though bewildered, gazing at him in astonishment, and brushing back her hair as though unable to believe her own senses, and when he had gotten to the words I have written, the "star" stopped suddenly, and there was a simultaneous cry of—

"Mabel!"

"Father!"

And Shylock and Jessica were in each other's arms.

"Father, why did you leave us?"

"My child, I have sought you everywhere. Your mother——"

"Called, sir," reminded the call-boy at his side.

"Didn't I tell you to wait for the end?" Butcher whispered in my ear in a most gleeful tone.

"Come, Mabel, darling, the public first," said Shylock, and he was on the stage; but never yet did I hear any representative of the Jew throw such love as he did into the words, "Why, Jessica, I say."

The piece was played throughout, and then the explanation came. But the delight of all the company at this little green-room romance was something charming to behold. All spite, envy and jealousies were forgotten, and Nerissa was foremost in her congratulations to Mabel.

It was all Butcher's doing. It appeared that Everson, *alias* Adams, had been advertising in the *Times* for his wife and daughter. Butcher had seen the advertisement, and had also seen him with Marks, and recognized him, so when Mabel called at his office, he at once prepared a little drama in his own mind, but he confessed to me that he was bitterly disappointed at the denouement, as he had settled to himself the recognition was to take place on the stage, when, as he justly remarked, the unrehearsed effect would have "brought down the house."

Many years have passed since that evening, and Everson has quitted the mimic stage for ever, but although his daughter no longer appears as Jessica, not six months ago I saw her play Mrs. Candour, and very charmingly she played it. She has daughters of her own now, who promise to tread in their mother's footsteps, and to become, like her, public favorites, but I have never seen either of them support any *role* so effectively as on the occasion of her very first appearance on any stage, Mabel Everson personated Shylock's Daughter!

WHEN once a concealment or deceit has been practiced in matters where all should be fair and open as the day, confidence can never be restored, any more than you can restore the white bloom to the grape or plum that you have once pressed in your hand. How true is this, and what a neglected truth by a great portion of mankind! Falsehood is not only one of the most humiliating vices, but sooner or later it is most certain to lead to the most serious crimes.

MEN are more intensely selfish than women. There are infinitely more instances of devotion, and of entire surrender of their own interests at the shrine of affection and duty, in the annals of women than of men.

MY OPPOSITE NEIGHBOR.

BY CHARLES ROSS.

The spring was just coming in, when the house opposite, which had been vacant all the winter, found a tenant. The house was not exactly opposite, however, for it stood in a side street, and fronted, therefore, at right angles to my boarding-house. But the "second story back," which I occupied, overlooked its garden, and that is the main point in my story. I say "garden" advisedly; for, unlike most city houses, the house opposite had a large piece of ground behind it, part of which was shut off by a trellis-work, and was full of flowers; and my first knowledge that the house was occupied at last, was the sight of a young lady, a very vision of beauty, who appeared one morning in a charming, yet simple costume, to attend to these very flowers.

I had always been passionately fond of flowers. I watched her, accordingly, with deep interest as, day by day, she directed a neighboring florist where to set out new plants. Afterwards, she herself attended to the garden, watering the flowers night and morning, hoeing the earth when necessary, and carefully snipping off the dead wood. She would have been beautiful in any dress, but in this pretty garden-costume she looked divine. Graceful and tall, womanly in all her movements, I had never seen her equal. At the end of a week I thought of nothing but my opposite neighbor. At the end of a fortnight I was hopelessly in love.

Sometimes, the notes of a piano were heard from within the opposite house; and then a voice rang out, so elastic, so sympathetic, so thoroughly cultivated, that I was ravished. Now the songs were gay; now they were sad; but always the voice was superb, the execution perfect. Several times an elderly gentleman came out into the garden; her father, no doubt.

I had often passed the house, but no name was on the door; so I did not, as yet, even know who my opposite neighbor was. I did not like to make inquiries. But, at last, Mrs. Day, my landlady, said, one day, incidentally, that the name of the people who had taken the opposite house was Milford, and that the young lady was the wife of the elderly gentleman.

You could have knocked me down with a feather when I heard this intelligence. But I rallied, after awhile, and asked, boldly, if Mrs. Day was certain.

"There is such a disparity in their ages," I said, "it seems impossible." But she answered very positively, as landladies do, "that she had it from the best authority."

My dream was broken. Once or twice afterwards I saw my opposite neighbor at her gardening, but I always left my window when she came out, and in a fortnight went to the country, more to cure myself of this hopeless fancy than anything else. When I came back in the fall, the opposite house was closed, and my neighbor gone.

That very afternoon, walking down Chestnut street, I met an old college friend, Tom Birdsell.

"Why, bless me!" he cried, "we haven't met for years. I'm just going to Verrey's to dine. Join me and we'll talk of old times, unless you're married and must go home to dinner. Not married, eh?" he added, gaily. "Lucky fellow! I'm not exactly married, but I'm engaged, and I want to make the most of my liberty. So come along."

We went accordingly.

"Alice is a charming girl," he said, getting confidential as the dinner progressed. "I'm going there this evening, and, by-the way, why won't you come, too, and give me your opinion of her? Lots of money, I can tell you. It's rather a romantic story, my engagement to her. Her father was an old friend of my father's, just as you and I are, but they hadn't met for years. The two old fellows ran against each other accidentally in the street, were frightfully glad, insisted on Alice and I meeting, and, finally, planned a match between us. My charmer was a little distant at first, but she's coming around now, and though the wedding day ain't fixed, the marriage is to come off, the old folks say, some time next spring."

"And do you love her?"

"Oh, enough for all practical purposes. She's ladylike, and cultivated, and pretty, and all that, and has lots of money. It would be a pity to disappoint the old people, eh?"

"But you haven't told me her name?"

"Alice Milford. But, bless me, old fellow, what's the matter?"

"Nothing, or only a sudden cramp."

"I forgot to show you her picture," he said. "Here it is—a very good one, too, though I must say it flatters her slightly."

I knew before I took the photograph in my hand that it was my opposite neighbor's. And I had thought her married—oh, how blind! I turned aside, as if to throw the light more directly upon the picture; no one must see me while I looked upon her. How I had loved her I never knew till now.

It was she, looking upon me with calm, soft eyes—eyes that might have been my heaven.

"Well, it's eight o'clock, and I am to be there at nine; so we had better be going. No excuses. Come along," he said, as I drew back.

I allowed myself to be led away.

We reached the place, and were ushered into the parlor.

"I'm very glad to meet you," said Mr. Milford, on my being introduced to him. "I like your face, sir; and, by-the-way, it looks familiar. Still, I never heard your name before, I think."

Alice soon made her appearance. Stately and starlike she glided in, greeting her betrothed with a careless grace that seemed more like friendship than love. I was introduced. As she gave me her hand, a crimson flush shot over her face.

"I thought you were alone," she said, turning to Tom; "but your friend is very welcome."

Tom was evidently very proud of her. He was himself handsome, but superficial and selfish. I felt that, though she might admire him for a time, such a woman as Alice Milford could never be happy as his wife.

"Hal, you are so fond of music, you must hear Miss Alice sing," Tom said, directly.

He led her to the piano, and, motioning me to a seat near her, returned to resume his conversation with Mr. Milford.

"Sing whatever you like best, please," I said, as she turned to ask me as to my favorite. "My sister used to sing to me before she was married; but, of late, I know but little of home, or home songs."

Softly she swept her white fingers over the keys, and then broke into a song full of feeling.

"I have heard you sing it before, Miss Milford," I said, quite forgetting myself, when she stopped.

"Ah!" she said; and again her face flushed crimson.

"This is not the first time," I went on, "I have seen you, though you do not remember me. The house you occupied last spring was opposite my lodgings. I remember your face well, and your songs cheered many a lonely evening for me."

"I have seen you at your window," she replied, half shyly, in a soft, low voice, that made the blood quicken in my pulses, though why, I could hardly tell.

"Sing something more, please," I said directly.

She chose a simple ballad, a sad one, and her voice seemed like the wail of a broken heart.

When she had finished, she suddenly rose and left the room; and, not caring to remain longer, I motioned to Tom to leave.

"I am almost afraid I have offended old Milford," said Tom, after we left. "The old idiot has gone to speculating, and it's plain to be seen that he isn't up to it. It won't take very long for him to lose all he has. But I'll say no more on the subject. Are you going there again on Tuesday night?"

"They asked me, but I have not yet decided."

"Go by all means," he answered, carelessly. "They seem to like you; and old Milford doesn't take to every one."

Tuesday evening found me at Mr. Milford's. I had determined not to go; but I could not stay away. It was not a party—merely a friendly gathering, with music and cheerful talk.

It was exquisite pleasure to be near Alice, although I knew that she was lost to me, and that I must crush out the love I felt for her.

"Come and see us often," said Mr. Milford, as I was leaving; "come at any and all times."

But I hesitated. I had noticed that Alice had shunned me all the evening, nor did she now join in this invitation. I stammered something, and left, resolving never to enter the house again. Tom was my friend; at least, I owed my introduction to him; and I would not be a traitor to him, even if I could. Never to see Alice again was the honorable course.

Three days after, I met Tom in the street.

"Well, old Milford has done it at last!" he said, stopping me. "Lost every dollar, just as I knew he would! That sudden panic yesterday did it."

"And Alice?" I cried, breathlessly.

"Oh, Alice has just written me a note, asking to be released from the engagement on account of her father's failure. Which I did, of course," he continued, with a laugh.

"The heartless scoundrel!" I muttered, between my teeth, as I turned on my heel and abruptly left him.

An hour afterwards, I was at Mr. Milford's. The old gentleman clasped my hand, eagerly.

"My dear boy, do you know——" he began.

"I know all," I cried, interrupting him; "and I came to see if I could help you."

"No, I have something left; and even if I had not, I am not so very old but I could work for Alice."

"And Alice—Miss Milford—how does she bear it?" I stammered.

"Like a heroine. But she has had more than this to bear——"

"I know it. The villain! May I—I wonder—would it be asking too much," I stammered out, desperately, "if I might see her?"

"Of course, my dear boy," he said, but with some surprise. "She is in the parlor."

I flew to her side. She was sitting, listlessly on a chair at the window. At the sound of footsteps she looked up, and rose in confusion, crimsoning all over face and neck.

"Alice, darling!" I cried, excitedly, "you are free now, and I can speak. I do not dare to hope. But I love you! Oh, give me but a chance to show that I, at least, am honest and true! Ever since I first saw you—ever since I heard you sing, last spring, I have loved you——"

She had sunk, breathless, into her seat again. Her bosom was heaving convulsively. Her face one moment was pale, and then was dyed with blushes. All at once, a great hope leaped up in my heart, and I stopped in my passionate, almost incoherent, address.

"Can it be?" I said, seizing her hand, and speaking in a whisper. "Oh, Alice, do not play with me. Is it possible you may learn to love me?"

She returned the pressure of my hand, ever so faintly, and murmured, as her head fell on my arm, "I'm afraid I have learned it already."

And then I heard, in broken sentences, in answer to my eager questions, that she had long loved me; but that when she found out the truth, she was engaged to another, and honor kept her silent, as it had kept me.

THE ARISTOCRACY OF EUROPE.—However far back a family may go, we must come at last to some plebeian who founded its renown and power; furthermore, Gibbon remarks that it is almost impossible to prove a pedigree by names, arms, and authentic documents much beyond the tenth century of the Christian era. It is said that the Dukes of Lewis, in France, boasted of being descended from the princes of the House of Judah, and that they showed an old painting, on which one of these ancestors stands with upraised hat before the Virgin, who says to him, "Cover yourself, cousin." The Dukes of Croy have a worthy counterpart to this picture in a representation of the Deluge, where a drowning man is shouting to Noah, who is on the point of entering the ark, "Save the archives of the House of Croy." Nothing, however, surpasses the pedigree of the Valdez, in Spain. It begins thus; "First was Valdez I; his successor was Valdez II; then came Valdez III; about this period God created the world."

IT is an old saying, that "charity begins at home," but this is no reason that it should not go abroad. A man should live with the world as a citizen of the world; he may have a preference for the particular quarter, street or square, or even alley, in which he lives, but he should have a generous feeling for the welfare of the whole.

UNTOLD.

A face may be woeful white, to cover a heart that's aching;
And a face may be full of light, over a heart that's breaking!
'Tis not the heaviest grief for which we wear the willow;
The tears bring slow relief, which only wet the pillow:
Hard may be burdens borne, though friends would fain unbind them;
Harder are crosses worn, where none but Christ can find them:
For the loved who leave our side, our souls are well nigh riven;
But, oh, for the graves we hide, have pity, tender heaven!
Soft be the words and sweet that soothe the spoken sorrow;
Alas! for the weary feet that may not rest to-morrow!

PLIGHTED IN PERIL!

OR,

The Lone Star of Texas.

BY CHARLES MORRIS, ESQ.,

[This serial was commenced in No. 17, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all news dealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXXII.

BELEAGUERED.

To understand the cause of this diversion, we must return to the party whom we left beleaguered in the hut.

It was a perilous position in which our friends found themselves. With a dozen determined and wily savages around their place of temporary refuge, the hope of escape seemed small.

Yet the cabin had been built with a view to defence against Indian attacks. It was framed of stout, firmly-braced oak timber, the thick door was fastened by two strong bars, iron bolts closed the shutters, and here and there through the walls loopholes were formed, for the purpose of seeing and attacking an exterior enemy.

"I've been cornered in worse forts than this, and come out with a whole skin," said Jack Gray, glancing with an experienced eye round the hut. "Some of the yellow devils will taste lead before they get in here to see us."

Nellie Amberly and her maid heard, with a natural fear, the terrible yells of the enemy, which penetrated even through the thick walls of the hut. The lady stood supporting herself against a table, her face white with dread. Laura crouched in a corner of the cabin, covering her ears with her hands to keep out the horrid sounds.

"Don't be afeard, Laura," whispered Phil Sawyer in her ear. "It's all wind and noise. An Indian war-whoop never hurt anybody yet. We'll make them change their tune if they hang around here long."

"I saw them, Phil," she said, shuddering. "Such frightful faces!"

"All paint and deviltry," replied Phil. "That won't hurt anybody either. I'm here to fight for you, Laura. And there's Jack Gray, an Indian fighter before we was born."

Captain Allen was similarly engaged in consoling Nellie Amberly.

"You are weak," he said. "There is no chair. Take a seat on this box. It will be out of the line of their fire, if any of their bullets should happen to come through a loophole."

He could feel her hand tremble as she clung to his.

"This is the most terrible situation we have yet been in," she said. "And so near safety!"

"Your nerves are weakened by a succession of perils," he said. "I do not look upon our danger here as very great. The cabin is strong. Three men in such a fortress as this are worth twenty outside! And we are near the town; the sound of rifle shots may bring us aid. See, our friends are fully prepared for defence. And your father is equally full of the spirit of battle."

"Don't go too near the openings, dear father!" she cried, starting up as a volley of rifle shots sounded without, and they could hear the ominous pattering of bullets against the logs.

She ran forward herself and glanced out of the loophole by which her father was standing. In the edge of the wood outside three or four of the savages were visible, their terrible looks holding her eyes captive with a species of fascination.

With a cry of alarm her father drew her back.

"This won't do, child," he said. "I am sorry to see my Nellie lose her self-possession."

"The danger is as great for you, father," she muttered.

"My danger will be attended with danger to the enemy," he said. "Yours will bring no good."

Captain Allen led her back submissively to where she had been seated.

"For my sake," he whispered, "I implore you to run no risk. We men must defend ourselves. But harm to you were doubly death to me."

She looked up into the eyes that were bent upon her with a fond, meaning glance.

For a moment only, then her own eyes fell before this tell-tale look, and a warm, red flush drove back the pallor from her cheek. A sudden revulsion of thought came across her mind.

"Why would you not take the pardon?" she muttered.

A strange smile passed over his face.

"Captain Wilson has not won his prize yet," he said, significantly. "And whatever the penalty, I could not have abandoned you in the hands of the Indians. Your father's peril was not so near to me as your own."

A close clasp of the hand which he still held was her only answer, but it spoke volumes to his soul.

Their conversation was interrupted by a loud discharge, that filled the close hut with reverberations. It was immediately followed by a second. The two scouts had fired upon their yelling foes.

"That will teach the beggars better manners than to come too near," muttered Jack, as he proceeded to reload. "One fellow has got his discharge."

"And another is not fit for much fighting," said Phil.

Captain Allen now grasped his rifle, which he had taken from one of the slain Indians at the bivouac.

A momentary lull without succeeded the fire. It was followed by a revengeful scream and a shower of bullets, one of which entered the cabin and was buried in the opposite wall.

Frank now glanced through the loophole which had given admission to this bullet. The Indians had retired, after he salutary lesson given them, into the shelter of the forest. There were none of them visible. To all appearance the place was deserted.

"The redskins are tired of yelling and shooting at solid timber," said Jack. "They mean work. Their next move, I suppose, will be the fire-brand or the battering log."

A momentary glimpse of a painted face showed itself to Frank Allen behind a large tree just within the clearing. He watched keenly. A growth of low bushes surrounded the tree, and extended for some distance towards the hut. He imagined he could see a slight motion in the tops of these bushes. From their inside edge an alert man could bound across the intervening space and hide himself out of rifle shot under the walls of the cabin.

A faint gleam caught his eye in the bushes, as if a lighted brand were being borne through them.

Without further hesitation he raised his rifle, aimed at the ground below the moving spot in the bushes, and pulled the trigger.

The report was followed by a startling sight. The form of a stalwart savage leaped bolt upright from the bushes, flinging a burning brand in a lurid circle from his hand. A single scream of pain burst from his lips. He fell with a heavy crash back into the bushes.

"They won't try again to burn us out," said Frank, as he proceeded to reload his weapon.

"Did you kill him?" asked Nellie, in a shuddering tone.

"I think so," was Frank's firm reply.

"Here they come!" said Jack, who was guarding the side that contained the door.

His words were followed by a heavy crash against the door, as a portion of the Indians, bearing a heavy log, hurled this dangerous battering ram against the portal.

The stout door bore the blow firmly, the more so as the force of the blow had been weakened by a shot from the scout's rifle, that hurled one of the savages prostrate in death.

Before they could repeat the blow, Phil Sawyer had hurried across to that side of the hut. Fire belched from his rifle through a loophole on the other side of the door, and another of the Indians fell, with a bullet in his body.

The remaining savages dropped the log, and crouched down out of the range of this deadly fire, under the walls of the hut.

"That plan is played out," said Jack, with a grim laugh. "It's a bit too hot for them. There are four of the blasted hounds out of our reach under the walls. It's a chance if they don't try fire."

"And that will be fatal to us," said Major Amberly.

"I don't know about that. These solid planks won't burn easy. It runs in my bones, too, that we're going to have help soon, if we can hold out."

Ten minutes passed, with utter silence on the part of the Indians. Not a glimpse of them could be seen.

"There's some deviltry afoot," said Jack, doubtfully. "I'd give something to know what these skulking hounds are at. I wish you'd take this loophole, Major Amberly, and you take the one t'other side of the door, Captain. I'll try and play a traverse on their little game."

He proceeded noiselessly to remove the bars from the door.

"Any redskins in sight?" he asked.

"No," was the reply.

"Take this lower bar, then, Phil, and stand by to put it in place when you hear from me."

With a quick motion he threw the door partly open and stepped out of the hut, rifle in hand.

The sharp crack of his weapon rang out loudly on the air, and was followed by a cry of pain, as he sprang back into the hut.

"Bar the door! Quick!" he cried to Phil.

It was shut none too quick. A dozen bullets seemed to strike the wood before it was fully closed. They were followed by simultaneous reports from the weapons of the two officers. The Indians had momentarily displayed themselves in the edge of the wood, and drawn the fire of these vigilant sentinels.

"The villains were doing their best to get up a bonfire," said Jack. "The whole four were crouched in a heap together, blowing at a spark. It was like shooting birds in a flock. I guess I settled for two of them. This old rifle sends a bullet amazing fast at that distance."

He patted the rifle with an affectionate touch, as if he had grown to love it.

"They have all sunk out of sight in the woods again," said Captain Allen.

"All but the beggars that are skulking down here," said Jack. "There's two of them, anyhow, not scotched, and it won't do to venture that trick again."

A cry from Miss Amberly drew all eyes in her direction. She was standing at the loophole on the rear end of the hut, which had been temporarily deserted.

"They have run from the forest! They are under shelter of the hut!" she cried.

"How many of them?" asked Jack, earnestly.

"Six or seven, at least."

A grave look settled upon the old scout's face. The position was growing momentarily more serious.

"Back to your posts, everybody!" he said. "We've only got one pair of eyes and one rifle for every side of the cabin. We must make them all tell. Shoot, if you see a leaf shake!"

For ten minutes all was still as death. Then the vigilant ear of the old scout heard a slight crackling noise, terribly significant to him.

They had succeeded in kindling a fire!

"This wood won't burn easy; there's some consolation in that," he said to himself. "If I could only see the glitter of an eye now. I'd like to pay off the villains."

As if his wish had been granted, he stepped back and cautiously raised his rifle. For two full minutes he kept it to his eye before pulling the trigger.

The hut reverberated with the sharp discharge. The scout proceeded rapidly to reload.

"I bet that brave has a hole through his eyeball," was all he said.

The expected return fire followed this solitary shot.

But they failed to hear the impact of bullets against the hut. The savage whoop failed to sound.

On the contrary, quick cries of alarm rent the air. The Indians who were hidden beside the hut sprang up and ran for the shelter of the forest.

Repeated rifle shots sounded, as if a conflict was going on in the woods. Jack Gray hastily removed the bars.

"There's fun outside," he cried. "Come, Phil. The rest of you stay with the women. I must get one pop at the beggars before they are swallowed."

His long strides in a moment carried him within the forest. Phil rapidly followed. The familiar sharp sound of the old scout's rifle was soon audible to the anxious listeners within the cabin.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE TABLES TURNED.

The alarming sounds seemed to sink into the depths of the forest. Soon only an occasional shot resounded. Finally, stillness succeeded.

Miss Amberly wished to leave the close hut, but her anxious father would not permit.

In five minutes more the trampling of feet was heard. A party of whites left the forest and entered the clearing. They were preceded by the two scouts.

The door was now thrown open, and the anxious prisoners emerged into the free air. The party who had rescued them consisted of about ten men.

With a glad cry Captain Wilson ran from their midst and warmly clasped the hand of Miss Amberly.

"Thank heaven!" he said, "we were in time to rescue you. See! the cabin is commencing to burn. Ten minutes more might have been too late."

She looked at the logs, round which a faint flame was creeping. A feeling of horror filled her as her eyes fell on the stark forms of several savages who had fallen under the fire of the besieged.

"It is terrible!" she said. "Alas! that they forced on us this dreadful necessity."

"We've had a high old tramp after you folks," spoke the cheerful voice of Joe Sawyer, as he shook hands at once with his son and with Jack Gray. "How's the boy behaved, Jack? Done credit to the family, oh?"

"He is a chip of the old block," was Jack's answer. "I can't learn him much."

"I knowed it!" cried Joe, delightedly. "I always said that boy was the making of a hoss."

"Now hold back, father," said Phil, modestly. "You are piling it on too thick."

"How came you on hand in such good time?" asked Jack.

"Well, you see, Captain Wilson and me, and a few more handy fellers, got out of town this morning, with a notion of following up these gals, and giving Lone Star a settler. Intended to start afore day, but the woods were thick with Injuns, and we had a ticklish time snakin' through them. It was kinder late in the day when we struck the creek above here."

"But what brought you back?"

"Your trail. It was the heaviest track I ever knew a scout to make. I spose it was the wimmen and the soldiers. We followed the trail to the creek, and uncovered my old canoe. I knowed in a minute then what was up. We struck back on the trail till we heered the firing. Then we made a beeline through the woods. Not much too soon neither," he continued, as he kicked out with his heavy boot the fire that was just fastening itself on the hut.

Warm congratulations passed between all present, the strangers of the rescuing party taking their full share.

"Can we get into the town?" asked Major Amberly.

"Doubtful. But we kin try. The Injuns are as thick as bees around there. The red rascals have got some big game in hand."

Further conversation was interrupted by a trampling sound in the woods near them.

The ready borderers rushed for the shelter of the trees, not knowing but that the Indians were returning in force.

"Hold there!" cried Jack Gray. "That's a marching step. There's soldiers coming."

He had hardly spoken, before the flash of arms and the uniform of the Texan troops appeared among the trees. A party of about fifty men marched into the open space.

It was a portion of Captain Allen's own company, and their surprise and delight on seeing him alive and well were beyond bounds.

The presence of Major Amberly was hailed with almost equal enthusiasm.

"We heard rifle shots, and hastened up," said the lieutenant commanding. "Have you had a fight?"

His eye fell, as he spoke, on the dead Indians, and on the bullet holes in the hut.

"A desperate one," said Captain Allen. "In what direction were you marching?"

"Back to town to report," was the reply. "The Indians have turned on us and struck for the town. We may be badly needed there."

"You may indeed," said the major. "The town is surrounded by savages."

The backward march was at once resumed, the borderers falling in behind the troops, and taking the two women in their midst.

Captain Allen remained in the rear with Miss Amberly. They lagged somewhat behind the others, engaged in earnest conversation.

Major Amberly, on the contrary, marched at the head of the troops, asking numerous questions of the lieutenant.

For half an hour this march continued, through the unceasing reach of forest.

All conversation was now interrupted by the faint sound of rifle shots, coming from before them, and seemingly incessant.

Their somewhat slow step was hurried. The sound of conflict ahead grew louder. There was evidently a fierce battle in progress.

The wood was here more open, and the excited soldiers advanced at a quick step. The sounds of battle augmented, rolling in reverberating echoes through the wood.

At length the edge of the forest appeared, bordered by its line of bushes.

About two hundred yards back from these bushes stood a farm house of considerable size. On this their eyes were at once riveted, for around it a throng of savages was visible, dancing and howling as if in glee, and firing every minute at the upper windows of the house.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WITH time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes satin. What difficulty is there at which a man should quail, when a worm can accomplish so much from the leaf of the mulberry?

THE perfection of wisdom and the end of true philosophy is to proportion our wants to our possessions, our ambitions to our capacities.

AUNT MARTHA.

BY E. P. S.

"Miserable! miserable!" exclaimed the father of Lazare, who kept a cook's shop at Versailles, to his son; "six years old, and without will or talent; thou can'st neither turn the spit nor skim the kettle."

It must be confessed that the father of Lazare had some reasonable grounds of reprimand, for at the moment when this scene took place in 1761 he had surprised his heir presumptive in a flagrant dereliction of duty. Armed with a spit in imitation of a foil, he was running through the sword exercise, and every now and then with waggish triumph wounding the smoky walls of his father's kitchen, instead of minding a fowl that lay on the table ready to be impaled, or attending to the seething pot that threw its silvery scum in cascades over its sides into the fire beneath.

"Come! come! pardon him and kiss him—the little boy. He will never do it again," said a pretty peasant, still young, a fruit-woman of Montreuil, and sister of the irritable cook.

Martha, for that was her name, had come to Versailles under the pretence of consulting her brother upon some particular business that interested the family, but, in fact, to bring some peaches to her little nephew, of whom she was very fond. Everything in the character and manner of the child justified her excessive affection. For, in spite of a little troublesomeness of disposition and delight in mischievous tricks, he was good-hearted, sensible, and very pretty. The bloom upon his cheeks was fresher and more vermeil than that upon his aunt's peaches. But his father had always his complaint: "Six years old, and not able to skim a pot; I don't know what to make of him!"

Father Lazare was one of those fanatical persons who regard their own particular business as of the most importance to society. He looked upon cooking as a science—as an art. He brandished the carving-knife with all the pride that we can imagine a pasha or a grand seigneur wielding his scimitar; if he plucked a goose it was with the solemnity of a Roman hierophant consulting a slaughtered victim; was an omelette to be beaten, Xerxes lashing the disobedient waves could not have equalled his gravity and self-sufficiency; nor an Indian devotee clinging to the tail of his consecrated cow surpass the complacency with which he was accustomed to clasp the handle of his frying-pan.

As for Martha, the fruit-woman, she was an excellent and withal a simple creature. Her simplicity, however, was not dull and stupid, as is ordinarily understood by the term—it was a goodness that became sometimes spiritual; and so warm and so passionate were her virtues, and so touching the manner in which she displayed them, that a cynic himself, had he witnessed them, must have been moved.

"Brother," said she, excited, and almost weeping to see little Lazare in tears, "you know the great chest which you have found so convenient to lock up your plate and dishes in, and which I have so frequently refused to sell you? I will let you have it now, if you like."

"I will give you the fifteen francs I offered before."

"Brother, I want more!"

"Well; I'll add eight sous more."

"Oh! I want more! It is a treasure that I want!"

The father of Lazare looked at his sister attentively, to see if she were in earnest or not.

"Yes!" continued she. "I wish little Lazare to come and live with me. From this evening the chest is yours; and I will bring him up at Montreuil."

The brother of Martha made some objections, for he was in heart an honest man and a good father, and much attached to the child; but the boy, as he would express it, made his blood boil, and the sauces too when they should not. Martha pressed him close, the matter was warmly discussed on both sides, but the chest prevailed. It was so commodious.

"Come, my child," said Martha, dragging little Lazare towards her cart; "you shall be happier with me in the midst of my orchards, where you may eat fruit at pleasure, than with the roast goose of your father. Poor child! you would have perished in that smoke. See, see," she added, with assumed fear, "my violets are already faded. Make haste, walk quick, lest your father should change his mind and wish you back."

At these words, she dragged her prey along so fast that the passers-by might have taken her, but for the gay and laughing countenance of her companion, for a gipsy stealer of children.

The first care which the good aunt took—after having installed her nephew in her domicile—was to teach him to read, a thing which his father had totally neglected; for, being devoid of instruction himself, the good man knew not the value of it. The little pupil learned quickly, and with such ardor that his instructress was often the first to close the book, saying:

"Enough, my little angel, enough for to-day; go and play; be careful, and amuse yourself well."

The child obeyed. His chief delight, however, was to mount a cane, and imitate the manner of riding. Sometimes, putting the bit into the mouth of his stick, he would run with all his speed until his alarmed aunt, who followed the young equerry with her eyes, would cry out, "He will fall, he will fall!"

Then she saw him bridle his steed, tame it, turn it, direct it in whatever way he liked, spur it, and go through all the manœuvres of the most elegant horsemanship. At all this the pondering aunt smiled from her window with the pride of a queen from a lofty balcony.

This martial instinct developed itself with time. So early as ten years of age the little Lazare was appointed by unanimous consent commander-in-chief by a half of the children of Montreuil, who then divided into two camps, discussed the possession of a bird's nest. It is useless to say that he justified that distinction by his activity and his valor. They say that he gained four battles in one day, a fact unusual in military annals, Napoleon himself never having won more than three. But his great success and high position generated no pride in the humble Lazare. He ran to receive the kisses of his aunt, and delighted in spending his evenings with her and receiving her instructions.

But remember we approach the eventful period of 1789, a period full of strange and wonderful adventures.

Lazare engaged at first in the French guards, in spite of the tears of his aunt, whom he endeavored to console at parting by his caresses, and was not long in becoming a sergeant. The age progressed, so did the fortunes of the sergeant. From grade to grade he became a colonel? No! There were no more vacancies. He became equerry of the king? No! There were no vacancies; he became a general—general-in-chief of the French armies, and was distinguished by his honorable and noble actions. General Hoche—for, it is the same—was the son of a cook, the nephew of a fruit-woman. Hoche was the name of the family of Lazare.

Let us pause to say this in his praise—that the victories which he had so gloriously gained left him as modest and as good as when he won his infantine campaigns in the streets of Montreuil. Thus, when on a review day he passed at full gallop in front of his army, there was still at a window close by, an old lady fixing her eye on him, and alternately between pleasure and fear cried out, as twenty years before, "He will fall! he will fall!"

As for the grumbling cook of Versailles, he was there also, astonished to have given a hero to his country, and repeating, with an air of self-sufficiency, to those who felicitated him upon the event, "You can scarcely believe what trouble I had with him! Picture him to yourself, citizen, six years old, and not able to skim a kettle!"

HOME POLITENESS.

Should an acquaintance tread on your dress, your best—your very best—and by accident tear it, how profuse you are with your "Never mind—do not think of it—I do not care at all." If a husband does it, he gets a frown; if a child, he is chastised.

Ah! these are little things, say you. They tell mightily on the heart, be assured, little as they are.

A gentleman calls at a friend's house, and finds it in confusion. "He does not see anything to apologize for—never thinks of such matters—everything is all right"—cold dinner, cold room, crying children—"perfectly comfortable"

He goes home. His wife has been taking care of the sick ones, and worked her life almost out. "Do not see why things cannot be kept in better order—there never were such cross children before." No apologies except away from home.

Why not be polite at home? Why not use freely the golden coin of courtesy? How sweet they sound, those little words, "I thank you," or, "You are very kind." Doubly, yes, trebly sweet from the lips we love, when heart-smiles make the eye sparkle with the clear light of affection.

Be polite to your children. Do you expect them to be mindful of your welfare, to grow glad at your approach, to bound away to your pleasure before your request is half-spoken? Then, with all your dignity and authority, mingle politeness. Give it a niche in your household temple. Only then, will you have the true secret of sending out into the world really finished gentlemen and ladies.

Again we say unto all, be polite.

RECEIPTS
GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

SALTS OF SORREL will remove from under the nails stains caused by paring apples, etc.

MUCILAGE.—Take gum arabic, one ounce; boiling water, two fluid ounces; glycerine, two drachms. Make a solution.

IT is said that the fumes of sugar snuffed up the nose will cure ordinary cases of neuralgia. Put a small quantity of sugar on a hot shovel and try it.

INK may be taken out of a carpet by a little oxalic acid or salt of sorrel rubbed on with a flannel, and afterward washed off with cold water; then rub on some hartshorn.

WHEN white marble is stained, apply benzole to the stain and then carefully rub it on with a very clean, soft piece of rag. Repeat until the stain disappears. Soap and soda are injurious to white marble.

STARCH POLISH.—Take common starch sufficient to make a pint of starch when boiled. While boiling, add Spermaceti, half drachm; white wax, half drachm. Then use as common starch, only using the iron as hot as possible.

LINIMENT FOR SPRAINS OR LAMENESS.—Two ounces camphorated spirit, 2 ounces sweet oil, 2 ounces ammonia, 2 ounces chloroform; shake well before using, and rub in by a fire. It is very excellent for a family liniment.

FOR catarrh take a wide-mouthed glass bottle loosely filled with cotton, and pour on it the following mixture: Pure carbolic acid, 80 grains; aqua ammonia (sp. gr. 0. 96), 90 grains; distilled water, 160 grains; rectified spirits of wine, 80 grains. Inhale frequently through the nose, and now and then into the mouth.

WHEN the voice is lost, as is sometimes the case, from the effects of a cold, a simple, pleasant remedy is furnished by beating up the white of one egg, adding to it the juice of one lemon, and sweetening with white sugar to the taste. Take a teaspoonful from time to time. It has been known effectually to cure hoarseness.

REMOVING THE RANCIDITY OF BUTTER.—Rancidity is caused by the presence of butyric acid; and such butter should be well washed with new milk, in which substance the acid is freely soluble. After this treatment it is to be washed in pure cold water. The butter will then be as fresh and pure in flavor as when recently made.

WHITEWASH.—Take white glue half pound, cover with cold water at night, and in the morning heat carefully without scorching until dissolved. Then take Paris white sixteen pounds, mix in sufficient hot water to give it the proper consistency for applying. To this add the dissolved glue and mix thoroughly, and apply with a whitewash brush. This is nearly equal in brilliancy to zinc white, a far more expensive article.

KALSOMINING FLUID.—Take white glue, one pound; white zinc, ten pounds; Paris white, five pounds. Soak the glue over night in six quarts of cold water, and in the morning heat carefully, without scorching, till the glue is dissolved. In another pail put the two powders and mix with sufficiency hot water to give it the consistency of thick milk. Mingle the fluids together stirring them thoroughly, and apply with a whitewash brush.

NEWS OF INTEREST

IN all England, Ireland and Scotland there are only 187 daily papers.

IN Japan there are 13,716 schools, and the scholars number 1,280,307.

A MILITARY academy, similar to West Point, has been established in Japan.

IN Italy 17,000,000 out of a population of 24,000,000 are unable to read or write.

FOR the first time in her history China is in the money market of the world, asking for a loan.

TINTED paper of one uniform shade of smoke color is the last mania, and is said to display handwriting to perfection.

A TAX of six cents per pack is imposed on playing cards in England. During the financial year of 1873-74, the tax was paid on 1,020,956 packs.

A NEW YORK man makes artificial butter resemble the genuine article by introducing a few hairs artistically arranged. The imitation is said to be perfect.

THE latest wrinkle in note-paper affected by New York ladies is the use of Irish linen paper for all ordinary correspondence. The sheets are cut in legal cap style and have crest in left-hand upper corner. The sheet folds once and fits in an Irish linen envelope adorned with crest on the fly.

THERE are four living queens of Spain, so called—Christine, widow of Ferdinand VII, who resides at Sainte Addresse, near Havre; Isabella II, mother of Alphonso XII; the Duchess of Aosta, wife of Prince Amadeo, of the House of Savoy; and the wife of Don Carlos, who styles himself Charles VII.

IN his "History of Advertisements," Mr. Sampson calculates that an average number of the *Times* contains about 2,500 advertisements, and the receipts from last quarter are about a thousand pounds sterling a day. A number of the *Daily Telegraph* contains 1,444 advertisements, and these may be fairly calculated to produce £500 or thereabouts.

THE Japan *News* gives currency to a statement on good authority that Japanese criminals prefer being strangled to being decapitated, and that, too, on religious grounds; the idea apparently being that so long as the body is intact its resurrection will be possible, but that when the head is once separated from the body it may never be reunited.

THE Prefecture of Police, at Tokio, Japan, has issued the following circular: "Any person in European costume meeting his Imperial Majesty, will be obliged to salute the Emperor by holding his hat under his left arm and lowering his right hand to his knees. Those who do not wear a hat will be obliged to lower both hands to the knees while bowing before the Emperor."

OWING to the multiplicity of school boards, and the consequent march of intellect, a new nomenclature is coming into fashion. On our boardings and deadwalls, instead of the once familiar "Stick no bills here," one now reads, "Affix no placards," and in place of "Rubbish shot here" appears "Debris of miscellaneous character may be deposited in this locality."

SOME wealthy Chinese merchants of San Francisco, recently gave a dinner of the highest oriental style to a party of American friends. The dining-room was gorgeously fitted up, and the bill of fare comprised thirty courses. The pastry was wonderful in design, resembling birds, beasts and fishes in endless variety. After each course, the party left the table, conversed, lounged or smoked. Following the Chinese dinner came a European spread of twelve or thirteen courses, and the party underwent six hours of hard dining. Strange as it may appear, the party were all alive next day, and better than was expected.

THE good people of a certain town in the West are or have been in trouble about a schoolmaster hired without sufficient precaution. It being discovered that he spells soldier "soger," and kerosene "cerosene," and that he has many other bold opinions concerning orthography, the School Committee have requested him to leave. But he refuses. They fasten the school-house door. He breaks it open and "keeps school" in spite of them. They have asked him to go, begged him to go, prayed him to go, ordered him to go, offered him money to go, but still he keeps on teaching that "soger" spells soldier. All but fifteen pupils have been taken out of school; but if there were no pupils at all he wouldn't go.

VALUE OF MINERAL PRODUCTS.—The aggregate value of all the minerals mined in the whole world amount at present to $1,000,000,000 per year; of this coal alone is worth nearly two-thirds, say $600,000,000; the rest one-third, or about $333,000,000. Gold stands at the head of the list, the value of this metal mined per year being about $100,000,000; next is iron ore, being at present $70,000,000; but of no mineral is the production so largely increasing as that of iron, and it will soon surpass in value that of gold. It has increased during the last seven years from 18 to 28, while coal has increased from 18 to 25, and gold remained about as it was. The production of steel increased from 18 to 54, proving the progress of industry in general in which steel is the main agent.

IN the imperial printing office at Vienna three presses of a capacity of twelve hundred sheets per hour are driven by a motor invented by Hock, a device which, it is said by those who are acquainted with its construction and capabilities, promises to be very useful for small industrial establishments. Combustion of petroleum in the working cylinder, and the heat developed by it, constitutes the motive power, which is entirely sufficient for the purpose. The machine is said to be very regular in action, to be entirely free from danger, to require little attention, to occupy little space, and to be very economical in running, one and a half pounds of petroleum per hour being reckoned for one horse power, thus rendering it peculiarly advantageous so far as concerns comparative cost. Like the gas engine, it is also ready at all times, and is easily cooled down.

"Children's Lives Saved for 50 Cents."

EVERY CASE OF CROUP CAN BE Cured when first taken by Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment, warranted for 27 years, and never a bottle returned. It also cures Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Sore Throat, Cuts, Burns, and External Pains. Sold by the druggists. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1921
FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D.
1921
Robt. Jarvis C. Walker,
Editor and Proprietor.

Saturday Evening, March 6, 1875.

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Answers to all Inquirers.

PRAISE YOUR WIFE.

If you praise any woman, let it be your wife. It will not edify her to learn that Mdmes. A., B. and C. make such beautiful tidies, wax flowers, or worsted work, so long as in her own home such things are accounted as "trash," and the time and labor spent upon them is spoken of as "thrown away." She won't be made any happier either by the information that Mrs. Smiley's house always looks as neat as wax beside her own, so long as she knows that that dear lady spends at least half her time in making and receiving calls and shopping, and when she sees poor Mr. Smiley creep softly in at the back porch, and exchange his boots for slippers before entering the house, she will be apt to mistrust that there is a tongue inside that, to hear, would do your soul good.

There is many a man who does not scruple to praise any handsome, well-dressed woman whom he happens to meet, but who never seems to take into consideration the fact, that were his own wife able to spend upon herself the same amount of time and money, one equally angelic might walk forth to be admired.

It matters not whether she is accomplished, graceful, learned, or handsome, so long as she is true to you; so long as she labors for yourself and your children; so long as her many deeds of kindness and her delicate little attentions help to insure your comfort and happiness, just so long your wife deserves your kindest attentions and highest praise, and she will appreciate them, too.

"Who does the best her circumstances allows,
Does well, acts nobly—angels could no more."

That "we treat others well because we feel obliged to, and abuse our own because we think they will stand it," may be all very true, but it is a truth of which we ought to be most sincerely ashamed. Sylvia A. M. Moss.

THE OBJECT AND THE END.

Every man has somewhere his Hesperides, sunny islands afar, lying beyond the zone of storms, and lapped in perpetual summer. All dream of the day when they will sail into these celestial ports, yet heed not to trim their sails and steer thither. There are so many perilous passes on the route, so many shining harbors, and few there are like Ulysses, resolute to sail uncharmed down the coasts of the Syrens.

To some men life has no aim. Their days forget the past and ignore the future. Their nights are blank abysses between two worlds. The earth is a stage, and their lives an endless succession of interludes, while behind the scenes the Fates rehearse the real drama of their existence, only appearing as the curtain is about to fall. But he who lives for an end is his own fate, the chief actor in his own play of life. The charm of a fixed purpose welds the broken links of time into the grand chain of a noble existence. So that the object be worthy the effort, no matter how lofty or how distant it may be, let a man but make his days stepping-stones to the purpose of his years, and the loftiest peaks become accessible.

On such a soul side-winds of happiness blow, cheering, but not changing, its course. On such a soul storms beat in vain. The wise man builds his future on the experience of his past. On the foul pain and precept, are alike wasted; he dallies through life's summer, and when days of sorrow come, they fall on his soul like October frosts on the wings of the unhoused butterfly, while the provident bee sits hived in plenty.

Nothing is more unpleasing than to find that offence has been received where none was intended, and that pain has been given to those who were not guilty of any provocation. As the great end of society is mutual beneficence, a good man is always uneasy when he finds himself in opposition to the purposes of life; because, though his conscience may easily acquit him of *malice prepense*, of settled hatred, or contrivances of mischief, yet he seldom can be certain that he has not failed by negligence or indolence, that he has not been hindered from consulting the common interest by too much regard to his own ease, or too much indifference to the happiness and well-being of others.

It was a beautiful idea in the mind of a little girl, who, on beholding a faded rose around which three little buds were just unfolding, exclaimed to her little brother, "See, Willie, those little buds have awakened in time to kiss their mother before she dies."

It is not high crimes, such as robbery and murder, which destroy the peace of society. The village gossip, family quarrels, jealousies, and bickerings between neighbors, meddlesomeness, and tattling are the worms which eat into all social happiness.

Premiums Extraordinary!

U. S. CENTENNIAL 1776 MEDALS. 1876

As we briefly announced last week, we have perfected arrangements by which we are enabled to offer these valuable Centennial Medals as premiums to those procuring subscriptions for the Post, on the most liberal terms.

We feel assured that these Medals will be eagerly sought after, as they cannot fail to be interesting souvenirs to every patriotic American citizen, commemorating, as they do, the

ONE HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY OF OUR COUNTRY.

They are struck at the United States Mint in Philadelphia, are executed in the very highest style of art, and are of four different kinds, each enclosed in a handsome case. Being struck under a Special Act of Congress, there can be no imitations of these medals, the law making the imitating of them a crime punishable as the counterfeiting United States coins.

That the Centennial International Exhibition of 1876 is an assured success, there is now not the shadow of a doubt. Nearly all the Great Powers of the Old World have cordially accepted the invitation of the United States Government, and our own country is thoroughly roused and determined that it shall prove a success.

In order that every one may be able to possess one of these Centennial Medals, we make the following offer:

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Sent securely packed to any address, postage prepaid. Remittances should be made in Post Office Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

A STRAY RIFT.

A DREAM.

BY MARIE.

Out in the gloom of night it wandered, on through the deserted streets, borne up by the restless wind, until, lured by the light in my room, it crept in through the crevice of my window, and thence into my heart. How I cherished it, that stray rift of melody! What sweet fancies and dear faces it conjured up! With what fairy fingers it smoothed the lines from off my brow, and diffused a delicious sense of warmth throughout my frame!

I saw as in a dream the birthplace of this sweet sprite. Shall I tell you? Listen:

A spacious room, lighted by the glow of a ruddy fire. On the walls hung a few choice paintings that had caught and imprisoned the murmur and gush of crystal waters as they dash down the cruel stones and lose themselves in the mossy glen beneath; the waving of leafy branches, the glint of golden sunshine that sifts through the leaves into the laughing waters, and the cool stretch of undulating meadows that fades in the mellow light of summer skies. Before the fire sat a man in the youth and bloom of life. A handsome man, I thought, and a man to be loved. The noble forehead, the arched eyebrows, the broad, white lids drooping over the dark eyes, the black lashes just shading the cheek, the nose, with its delicate nostrils, the full lips, shaded but not hidden by the slight moustache, the firm chin, the haughty neck, the broad chest, and slender hands, all betokened a refined and intellectual organization.

Close at his knee stood a rosy girl, one dimpled hand fast clasped in his, the other supporting her fair head. The firelight lingered on her face as though it loved to touch the peachy cheek, to look in the merry blue eyes, to toy with the sunny hair and lurk in the curves of the smiling mouth. Well might it love her, for a bonnier flower ne'er bloomed than she.

As I stood gazing, myself all unseen, there stole through the room the spirit, as it were, of the stream of melody that had found its way to my heart. I turned my head, and caught the gleam of ivory keys, of polished wood; then the form of a woman whose bowed head and moving hands showed me who had called my fairy messenger into being. A longing to see her face possessed my very soul, for the melody she evoked bore with it an undertone of sadness. I crossed the room, and stood facing the woman. Though she had no beauty, yet her fair hair and blue eyes showed her to be the mother of the babe, and, my heart told me, the wife of the man. She sat in the gloom, far distant from the out-reaching warmth of the fire. Why did she not seek his side, and complete the family group — father, mother, and child?

Even as I looked, I beheld two great tears roll down her pale cheeks and fall upon the ivory keys. I asked of the sprite who brought me hither, "Why does she weep? Surely happiness dwelleth here?" Then there came a whisper in my ear: "Every heart knoweth its own bitterness!"

The scales fell off my eyes, and I read her heart as though it had been my own. I saw the struggle between good and evil; the reaching for help, and finding none; the crying out, and hearing no answer. I saw the noble nature crushed and warped by selfish coldness from one who could have shielded her on his breast. My soul grew faint. I longed to comfort the wounded spirit, but, alas! I saw but the type of my own life.

Ah! why did the light lure thee in, thou rift of melody, only to soothe, the more bitter to make the awakening, the deeper the pain!

LET TO-MORROW TAKE CARE OF TO-MORROW.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow,
Leave things of the future to Fate.
What's the use to anticipate sorrow?
Life's troubles come, never too late.
If to hope overmuch be an error,
'Tis one that the wise have preferred—
And how often have hearts been in terror
Of evils that—never occurred.

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow,
Permit not suspicion and care
With invisible bonds to enchain thee—
But bear what God gives thee to bear.
By His spirit supported and gladdened,
He ne'er by forebodings deterred;
But think how oft hearts have been saddened
By fears of what—never occurred.

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow.
Short and dark though our life may appear,
We may make it still shorter by sorrow,
Still darker by folly and fear.
Half our troubles are half our invention;
And how often, from blessings conferred,
Have we shrunk in the wild apprehension
Of evils that—never occurred.

AN UNEXPECTED DENOUEMENT.

BY ANNIE H. JEROME.

"It's too provoking!" exclaimed Minnie Travers.

"What is too provoking?" asked the other occupant of the room, a beautiful, dark-eyed woman of some twenty-five years, whose close cap proclaimed her a widow.

Minnie's answer widened the lady's eyes.

"Laura, I do wish you would be good enough to sprain your thumb, wrist, or ankle—anything for an excuse," she pouted.

"Minnie! what in the world do you mean?" asked Mrs. Harton in astonishment.

Minnie laughed, and turning from the window, seated herself beside Mrs. Harton in front of the fire.

"Only that I want to make Dr. Thane's acquaintance, and, if something is not done, I shall have to go home without that coveted feather in my cap. He reminded me of it by passing on horseback just now."

"And it's to be made at the expense of my poor body?" smiled Mrs. Harton gaily, though a more observant person than Minnie Travers would have seen that the gaiety was forced.

Minnie ignored the tacit reproach, and continued, regretfully:

"Why, sis, just think! it is three months since he came to Elmville!"

"Are we required to know everybody that comes to Elmville?"

"We ought to be, I am sure, if everybody is as handsome as Dr. Thane. You have no idea how splendidly handsome he is, and then so elegant in his appearance. If I could only coax you to look at him once, you would not marvel at my raptures.

"But his personal appearance is not all, Laura. He just sits and stares at our pew during the whole service—as you would long ago have seen for yourself, had you played the nun less scrupulously—and I'm beginning to think I have captivated him. If I have not, I am as certain as certain can be, that he wants to know us, though the Stevens' do say he is awfully exclusive—in short, as much of a recluse in his habits as you are.

"So, Laura, if you would only be accommodating enough to hurt yourself a little—just enough to excuse my hurrying off for him—the acquaintance would be made, *nolens volens*. And, as Dr. Walters is away for a few days, you could not choose a better time than the present."

A sudden expression of alarm swept over Mrs. Harton's beautiful face, and she answered so sharply, that her giddy young sister stared at her in amazement, exclaiming:

"Why, sis, what ails you? Anybody might know I was only jesting. Selfish as I am, nothing could be farther from my thoughts than to wish you the slightest pain."

"I know it, Minnie," returned Mrs. Harton, with a deep breath, "but you are such a madcap. I have a very vivid remembrance of some of your old escapades, and I felt for a minute that your gay spirits might lead you into a frolic that could only bring mortification to me, whatever the result be to yourself."

"I am seventeen now, Laura; I wish you would not persist in forgetting it."

There was a world of offended dignity in the little lady's tone and air, and Mrs. Harton turned away to conceal an involuntary smile.

As Minnie said, it was only a jest, and to her thoughtless mind nothing could have been more improbable than that Mrs. Harton should meet with any kind of an accident.

But Mrs. Harton did. The very next day, as Minnie sat in the room in which the laughing proposition had been made, she was startled by a heavy fall overhead.

"Dear me! what can that be?" she exclaimed, dropping her work, and listening intently.

Doubly alarmed by the dead silence that followed, she sprang to her feet, and ran hastily upstairs. On opening the bedroom door a loud cry burst from her lips, and, rushing to the kitchen stairway, she frantically shrieked:

"Kitty! quick! come to me! quick! Kitty, quick! sister has killed herself!"

Thus adjured, Kitty promptly appeared, and they were soon kneeling beside the inanimate form on the floor.

"See!" exclaimed Minnie, between her piteous sobs, "she must have fallen from that chair in reaching up to the closet-shelf—it is overturned. Oh, Kitty! is she dead?"

"No, no, honey, she ain't no more dead 'an you be," returned Kitty, consolingly, "only hurted on de head by de fall. I'll lif' her saf'ly on de bed, and den jes you run an' bring de doctor, while I rubs her. Liz ain't ob no 'count on yeth to do a arant, an' you see I mus stay here—an' hurry, Miss Minnie. Jes look at dis! de poor critter ain't only stunned!"

And she tenderly lifted the limp arm, broken at the wrist and elbow. As she did so a low groan escaped the sufferer's lips, and Minnie ran sobbing from the room.

Waiting only to snatch a woolen burnoose from the hall rack, and draw it about her head and shoulders, she hurried off. When half way to Dr. Walters', she suddenly paused, and burst into a fresh flood of tears.

"Oh! what shall I do? what shall I do?" she cried, wringing her hands, and looking helplessly about her. "Laura will die!"

As she stood thus, in agonized doubt and despair, she thought of Dr. Thane.

"Thank heaven!" she murmured, reverently, and, for the time quite forgetful of her innocent penchant for the handsome doctor, sped off like a deer.

Like Mrs. Harton, Dr. Thane had located himself without the village of Elmville, though farther from its precincts. But Minnie's feet were swift as well as willing, and in an incredibly short space of time she had reached the entrance gates.

Hastening along the shaded avenue, she flew up the steps to the door-bell, and pulled it violently. A dignified butler promptly made his appearance, and in a state of high dudgeon at the rough summons.

"Your master—Dr. Thane—where is he?" panted Minnie, excitedly.

"Dr. Thane is particularly engaged, miss; you can't see him," he answered, with slow, offended dignity.

"Where is he? tell me—quick!" she cried, stamping her little foot imperiously, as she pushed into the hall.

"Dr. Thane is particularly engaged, miss—you can't see him," monotonously repeated the butler, with the same offended dignity.

"But I must—I will!" she flashed. "Tell him instantly—tell him——"

But, at this juncture, the doctor made his appearance in the hall.

"What is it Anson?" he inquired, not seeing Minnie for the portly figure which had adroitly barred her further progress.

"Oh! Dr. Thane, it is I—Minnie Travers!" she cried, darting past the butler. "Do come with me at once. Sister Laura is killed—dead—dying, from a fall! Do come! There is not a moment to lose! Hurry—do! Here's your hat!"

And, catching it from the rack, she rushed after him into the room from which he had just come, and thrust it into his hand. But the doctor needed no urging, and, if Minnie had been less excited, she would have observed the white face and sternly compressed lips with which he hurriedly opened a closet and took down a case of instruments.

Without a word he strode out of the room and house, evidently quite oblivious of his pretty companion. Her voice aroused his attention at last, though her words failed to impress his senses, and he said, in husky tones:

"Killed, dead, dying, you told me—which?"

"Oh, she is not dead, thank heaven!" Minnie tearfully replied, "only awfully hurt."

And she gave a rapid and much more lucid account of Mrs. Harton's condition. The doctor's set features and white lips resumed their natural appearance as he listened, and presently he said, in relieved accents:

"I am glad to hear it is nothing worse. If that is all, there is no cause for alarm, and you may confidently hope everything."

"Oh, thank you for saying so, Dr. Thane!" exclaimed Minnie, bursting into tears of joy.

The doctor made no reply, and his eyes wore the absent expression of one completely buried in his own thoughts. After a little, Minnie dried her tears, and said, with a slight flush, and a sudden regretful recollection of the preceding day's jest:

"I have taken a great liberty, Dr. Thane, and owe you an apology. I was actually forced into entreating your services, the absence of Dr. Walters——"

"You did quite right, Miss Travers—quite right," interrupted the doctor, eagerly. "Indeed, I consider myself deeply your debtor, not only for the present, but every succeeding hour of my life. This world will, I think, be a much brighter place to me for this act of yours."

There was so strange a light in the doctor's fine eyes, as he looked down at her, that her foolish young heart fluttered, and she smiled blushingly as delightedly.

"You are very kind, Dr. Thane."

He smiled a singularly meaning smile, and answered, softly:

"Kind to myself, Miss Travers, as you will some day learn."

And again Minnie's cheeks reddened, and her heart fluttered deliciously as a pleasant vision of Minnie Travers in tulle and orange blossoms flitted before her mental sight. She did not venture a reply this time, and, as the doctor was occupied with a similar vision of his own, their rapid walk was finished in silence.

On reaching Mrs. Harton's they hastened upstairs without delay, and, in a few moments, stood at her bedroom door. Minnie softly opened it and looked in. Finding all in readiness, she beckoned to the doctor, and they entered.

Mrs. Harton lay back on her pillows with closed eyes, and her beautiful face white, and lined with pain. She did not open her eyes till the doctor stood close beside the bed—not, indeed, till he stooped down, and, to the speechless horror of Minnie and Kitty, pressed a light kiss on the pale lips.

At this the blue-veined lids fled back, and a low, tremulous cry parted the lips just kissed. One earnest look searched the handsome face bending over her, then with a burst of tears she drew the uninjured arm about his neck and pressed his cheek down to her own.

"My darling!"

It was all the doctor said. Mrs. Harton said nothing—only lay back with a glorious light in her proud, dark eyes as the doctor tenderly proceeded to dress the maimed limb.

This movement aroused the two mute witnesses of the foregoing scene from their stupor of astonishment; and while Minnie precipitately made her escape, Kitty bustled to the doctor's side.

After all was done, and Kitty out of the way, the doctor again bent over the beautiful face.

"Laura," he said, gravely, "I received a shock to-day. Your little sister told me you were dead or dying. Thus brought face to face with an awful possibility, I came to my senses, and I now solemnly declare that if you are too proud to yield a little I will yield all, rather than suffer our past alienation to continue. We have been insane destroyers of our own happiness, and our folly must here end forever."

Whatever the reply Doctor Thane received, there was one day a quiet wedding at which the tulle and orange blossoms of Minnie's pleasant vision were worn by Mrs. Harton.

Minnie accepted the change of programme merrily, and pronounced her long-coveted feather an incomparably fine one.

By love's delightful influence the attack of ill humor is resisted, the violence of our passion abated, all the injuries of the world alleviated, the bitter cup of affliction sweetened, and the sweetest flowers plentifully strewed along the most thorny paths of life.

MY PRETTY WIDOW.

BY WALTER A. ROSE.

"Come for a cruise with me in the Midge, Tim; your wife can accompany us, and, capital idea, by Jove! I'll ask her to chaperone Mrs. Pearson. We'll make up quite a jolly party, and the sea air will do you good," I said one hot November afternoon as I sat smoking with my old chum, Tim Cochrane, upon the verandah of his house at St. Kilda, in the suburbs of Melbourne, Australia.

"I'd like it above everything, old fellow, if Dr. Slater and my better half will consent to my going. Talk to them about it, dear boy, I'm too weak to argue," replied Tim.

My friend had been ailing for several months, and I really feared he would slip his cable and drift out upon the mystical sea if he remained ashore during the summer, for December is a terribly hot and unhealthy month in the colony of Victoria. I had been fortunate while trading on the Australian coast, and having become the possessor of several fine ships, had left off going to sea myself, except when I took a cruise for pleasure in a trim American schooner that I had purchased and converted into a yacht.

It was not a difficult task to win the consent of Tim's wife to my proposition, for Dr. Slater declared that it would be an excellent idea to take Cochrane for a quiet cruise, and might restore him to health. A little *finesse* on the part of my friend's wife induced Mrs. Pearson and her daughter Agnes to join our party, and in less than a week the pretty little Midge, well provisioned, spread her white wings, and glided swiftly through the Port Philip Heads, bound for no port in particular.

Mrs. Penelope Pearson was an old acquaintance of the Cochranes, and, at the time of which I write, very many years ago, was as pretty a specimen of a fascinating widow as eyes ever beheld. She was tall in stature, queenly in movement, and enchanting in manner. Sometimes her vivacity was wonderful, but more frequently there seemed to lie across the beauteous face the shadow of some never-dying care, and ofttimes in her pensive moods I noticed that her bonny blue eyes, looking out into the far distance, and seeing nothing save the trouble of her soul, were suffused with tears. I may as well confess that I, Frank Lowndes, owner and sailing master of the Midge, was decidedly in love with the pretty widow; but I was a diffident bachelor in those days, and, as I never received the slightest encouragement from Mrs. Pearson that could induce me to consider that she regarded me in any other light than merely that of a friend, I never told my love. Yet concealment did not feed on my damask cheek; I did not lose one ounce avoirdupois, but contented myself with building air-castles, of which pretty Penelope was to be sole mistress. I thought it rather a subtle device, my getting Mrs. Cochrane to persuade the widow to accompany us on our cruise, for the captain of a vessel has more facilities for showing attention to and winning the affections of fickle woman when at sea than he has ashore. Mrs. Tim, I reasoned, would often have to be ministering to her husband below, while I could be on deck with my idol and her daughter, who was a child of ten, and, consequently, a nonentity.

The Midge first visited Adelaide, where we took aboard a full stock of provisions, for the trip was doing my sick friend so much good that I intended to extend our cruise to Auckland, New Zealand. My suit had not progressed so well as I had anticipated, in fact, whenever I tried to broach the subject of my love to Mrs. Pearson, she invariably managed to dexterously turn the conversation to some other topic. Once only, soon after we left Adelaide, did she give me a hint that she suspected my motive in showering upon her constant attentions, and endeavoring to win her sympathy for my involuntary state of single blessedness.

"Some men are born to be bachelors, Captain Lowndes," she said, "just as some women are born to be wedded and become widows. I am one of those who think that neither man or woman can ever love twice, that is, if a person has been married and has loved truly, should he or she be bereaved by death, neither of them will ever wed again."

We were sitting on the deck at the time, beneath a silvery moon and the radiant Southern Cross, and, in the light that Cynthia shed, I saw two pearly tears course slowly down the widow's cheeks. Then I knew that what I had aforetime suspected was true, and that she had some great sorrow at her heart, whether of the past, of the present, or of both, I knew not, but I was not the man to intrude myself upon her woe or seek to penetrate the cause of her grief.

"I will wait," I said to myself, when she had left me alone with the stars and the laughing waters, that seemed to mock my ill-success; "I will wait, and perhaps, in God's good time, the shadow may be removed from her sweet pure life, and a silver lining of happiness for us both be revealed."

We were knocking idly about off the coast of Queensland, then used by the English Government as a penal settlement, one night, when I turned into a hammock, that I had caused to be slung on deck. The weather was sultry in the extreme, not a breath of wind stirred the sails of the Midge, or ruffled the surface of the sea. We could see the land on our port quarter, for we were only about fifteen miles distant from it.

Mr. Markham, my chief mate, was dreamily sitting on a hen-coop when I bade him good-night, the rest of the crew were lying asleep about the decks, for it was too hot to court Morpheus below.

I do not know how long I had been dreaming, but I was suddenly startled from sleep by the noise of scuffling, and, as I sprang from my hammock, I found myself seized in the powerful grasp of two stalwart men.

"No use, skipper; all your men are fast. We mean no harm to you or any one if you don't resist us," muttered one of my assailants.

I cried for help; but the men who held me, and were binding me with a piece of ratlin-line, only laughed.

"You are too late, captain," said a tall, fine-looking man, who spoke politely as he approached, and in an intonation of voice that indicated his superiority to his companions. "We caught you fairly napping, and have taken charge of your pretty craft. We only wish to charter her for a few days, and we will not injure anyone if you submit quietly to circumstances, which are now against you, for we hold all the trumps. Scuttle our boat, chums, while I go below with the captain, and arrange matters," he added.

My arms were lashed to my sides, but he assisted me down the companion-way, on my passage to which place I noticed that every man of my crew had been secured to stanchions or spars alongside of which they had been sleeping.

I remarked my captor's garb as the rays of the cabin-lamp fell upon his form.

"You are escaped convicts?" I ejaculated, and a terrible dread stole over me as I remembered the ladies in the berths abaft, for I knew the reputation "lags" bore in the colony—reckless scoundrels, capable of any villainy.

"Yes," he replied, quietly, as he filled a glass with brandy from a decanter and swallowed the potent spirit at a gulp. "You have ladies aboard, I see," he added, as his eyes fell upon a shawl. "We must keep this stuff out of the way of my chums, who are very good fellows when sober, and they will be all safe. Listen to my story, and, if you will consent to help us, I will put you on parole and pay you well for the use we intend to make of your schooner."

He was suave and gentlemanly in his demeanor, but was evidently determined. In a low voice he told me his story, and I had no reason to disbelieve him. It was to the effect that in consequence of having incurred (for what reason he would not mention) the enmity of certain influential persons in England, he had been arrested, convicted and sentenced to a long period of transportation for the commission of a crime of which he was wholly guiltless. That if he could once return unsuspected to England, he could collect evidence to prove positively that he was the victim of a foul conspiracy. That he had escaped from the penal settlement, with his comrades, in an open boat, and that having successfully secured the schooner while the crew slept, they intended to carry her to some port from whence they could find passage by a foreign vessel to the United States or South America.

"There are only four of us," he said, in conclusion, "and, therefore, we must be careful; for if we lost the present favorable opportunity of escape, our necks would pay forfeit, so I must keep your crew confined; but, if you will surrender to me all the firearms aboard, and give me your word of honor you will not attempt a rescue, I will loose your bonds at once, and solemnly swear that not a hair of any person's head aboard the vessel shall be harmed."

I looked intently in the man's face, and I trusted him instinctively. I showed him my berth and the weapons therein; he locked these up in a drawer, pocketed the key, and unlashed my hands. Then we went upon deck, and he ordered his companions to convey the members of my crew separately to the forecastle, cut the last man's bond, give him a knife to free his comrades, and fasten the scuttle of the hatch securely.

"Go and tell the ladies, sir, that they need not have the slightest fear of molestation; and if you have a few old clothes to spare, I should feel obliged for the loan of them, as the present garb of myself and my companions is not excited to inspire confidence," said the usurper of my position.

My assurances, and the fact that I was free, had due weight, and even the ladies showed but little trepidation.

I gave Mr. Herbert, as he called himself, decent clothing for himself and followers, and when they had rigged themselves out, I felt how much depends on dress, for Herbert looked as true and fine a gentleman in one of Tim Cochrane's suits as I ever beheld. I invited him to breakfast with us, and he smiled pleasantly when I told him that the repast would not be very *recherche*, as he had confined my steward, and the cabin-boy was not a perfect caterer.

Mrs. Cochrane and Agnes were the only ones at the table when I called Herbert down to breakfast, and my piratical friend had been introduced to them, and taken his seat, before the widow entered as appearance. She came at last, looking as beautiful as a sunbeam.

"Mrs. Pearson," I said. "This is our new passenger, Mr. Herbert.

She curtsied as he bowed low, but, as he raised his head, she shot into his bronzed face a look full of penetration, and in an instant fell weeping hysterically upon his breast.

"My wife! my own darling wife!" he murmured, as he strained the lovely woman still closer towards him.

When I had fully recovered from my amazement at this singular scene, and the chief actors in it had grown more calm over some execrable coffee that the boy had prepared, my pirate gave us a disjointed explanation.

Penelope was the daughter of a nobleman in England, and he had clandestinely married her. It was a love-match, and when the secret leaked out, and the true woman had refused to renounce her husband, a rascally firm of attornies was employed to get Herbert Pearson out of the way. They had laid a plot against him so successfully, that they secured his transportation. But the family of the poor young wife benefited little by this, for Penelope, who possessed a considerable private income, was true to her allegiance, and proceeded to Australia, so that she might be, at all events, upon the same continent as her husband, even if she could gain no tidings of him. That she should have met him in this mysterious manner, was one of those marvellous dispensations of providence that are inscrutable.

"Captain Lowndes," said Mrs. Tim, who had followed me on deck after breakfast, so that the happy trio (his child he had never before seen) could be alone, "I always knew you were in love with Penelope; I hope you are not, however, going to turn traitor, and give up to the authorities the convict who has cut you out?"

"If your husband was on deck I'd kiss you for saying that. I feel happy enough to do it," I replied.

Before an hour was over my crew were released, and I resumed command. We reached Auckland after a prosperous and pleasant passage, and from that port Pearson, his wife and child sailed in an American vessel for Boston. His companions shipped in various capacities aboard other craft, and I never afterwards heard anything of them.

But there is a fireside in Philadelphia at which I am always welcome, though I generally have to endure being considerably chaffed by a dear old lady whose hair is well-nigh as white as mine, because, having once fallen in love with a fascinating grass-widow, I have ever since remained a bachelor. But Penelope always seems to forget *her* constancy during many years of trial and suspense, and that she once told me no person could ever love truly twice.

THE WATER OF LIFE AND STRENGTH.

BY F. S. WATSON.

A man once wandered away in the woods, and there lay down, near a little spring, to sleep at noon. As he lay there, with half-shut eyes, he saw a grandfather longlegs helping an old gray grasshopper towards the water.

"Courage! dear cousin," said Longlegs. "Get only one drop of the water, and you will be brisk enough. A week ago I was as feeble as you are to-day; and now—you see me," giving a great jump, as he spoke.

"Here is something curious," thought the man; and pretending to be asleep, he kept a sharp look-out through his half-closed eyes. The old grasshopper toddled feebly up to the rock, out of which gushed the water; and standing just where the spray could reach him, no sooner did a drop touch him, than, with a whistle and a spring, away he danced, as merrily as before.

While the man stared, hardly believing his eyes, a bird came with a drooping wing, and standing a moment in the spray, hopped off, as well as ever. Next came a couple of fairies, being tired and dusty, and bending wearily under a thistle top, which the two were trying to carry together.

"How did you lose your horse?" said one.

"He dropped down dead. It was too young a butterfly to carry this great thistle-top. I could never have got to Court, if you had not come to help me."

"Well," answered the other fairy, "here is the fountain of life and strength. We shall both be stronger after drinking."

The man watched them, thinking he had made a great discovery; and when they were gone, he took a common glass bottle from his pocket, and filling it, started off to town. As soon as he reached the place, he began to walk through the streets, shouting:

"Water from the fountain of life and strength; one thousand dollars a drop. Water fresh from the fountain of life and strength. Here it is!"

On hearing this strange announcement, everybody left their work and stared.

"Where is the wonderful water?" said they; but when the man showed them this common green-glass bottle, many of the people laughed, and turned their backs at once; others, who were more curious, asked where he got it. The man told them exactly what he had seen. But at that people only laughed the more.

"Fairies!" said one. "Yes, it sounds like a fairy story, I think."

"Sick grasshoppers and talking longlegs," shouted the rest. "The man is mad!"

Then the rabble began to groan and hoot, and make such a hideous noise, that the horses of the King took fright, and upset his Majesty's carriage. At this accident the King was very angry, and being told that the crowd were hooting at a mad fellow, who declared that he had water from the fountain of life and strength, the King ordered the man to be shut up in prison. The officers took away his bottle, and spilling all the precious water on the ground, and kept him in a miserable dungeon for a year. At the end of that time they let him go.

The first thing that he did on getting out was to look in the forest for the fountain of life; but though he went over and over the ground, he could find no trace of it. He, however, heard great laughing and whispering all about him, and began to understand that this was a trick that the fairies had played him. So he went home, and getting a case of splendid bottles, filled them with common well water, and sweetened it all with sugar. Then he hired a green and yellow chariot and six horses, and drove about the city with his bottles. Everybody ran to look at the green and yellow chariot! and asked him what he had there.

"Water from the fountain of life," said the man. "It will make you young again. Here, taste and see for yourselves."

Then an old woman took a sip, and declared that she surely did feel better, and a man, trying it, was certain that the pain was gone out of his back, till every one that was in the crowd and had money, bought a bottle. The next day, the man driving out with more bottles found people waiting for him, and anxious to buy, and the next day even more yet. Finally it came to the ears of the King, who sent for some bottles of the precious water, and declaring himself much better, the man was made chief physician at court.

"Why, how strange is all this!" he said. "When I brought them real water from the fountain of life, they beat me and threw me into prison. Now that I offer them nothing better than they get in their own wells, they make me Court physician."

Still, however, he was uneasy in his mind, and afraid that some one would find him out, and making an excuse that he wished to go and find his mother, he took all his money and started off, meaning never to come back. On his way, however, he came to the forest where was the fountain of life, and no sooner had he entered it than he fell asleep and began to dream. In this dream he saw the two fairies that had drank at the fountain, and one said to the other:

"Here is the man who tried to sell water from our fountain, and was thrown in prison by way of thanks."

"Yes," said the other; "but since he has done a wicked thing. He has cheated people and made himself rich; for, though no one would buy the real water of strength, they were ready to take anything out of a green and yellow chariot. Let us now touch all his money, and turn it to ashes and dust."

The man jumped up in a terrible fright at that threat, and ran to see if anything had happened to his money, but there was no money there, only bags and boxes of cinders.

EARNESTNESS.—All great questions have been settled by men in earnest—by men who have been bound by a principle about their hearts which they come to regard as "part and parcel" of their being. Little, peddling, temporising policy never yet conferred a lasting benefit upon the world.

THE ENCHANTED NECKLACE.

BY LOTTIE SOMERS.

Little Gertrude sat eating a piece of brown bread by the tiny brook that flowed over the round, smooth pebbles, at the foot of her father's garden.

"Oh, dear," she exclaimed, at length; "I wish I had something better than brown bread to eat. I wish I had a fairy godmother who would give me everything I wished, like the little girl in my story. I wish I could see a fairy this minute."

Here, a rustling of the leaves caused Gerty to look up; and, lo! there stood a beautiful lady, not more than a foot tall, with floating gossamer robes, and hair like braided sunbeams.

"Child of earth, your wish is granted; take this necklace, and as long as you wear it, whatever you wish will come to pass;" and, placing a golden necklace, with a diamond clasp, in the child's hand, she disappeared before the astonished Gerty could find words in which to express her thanks.

"Oh, what shall I wish for?" thought she. "Oh, now I know; I wish I was a grown-up woman, with a beautiful house, and splendid furniture, and plenty of money, and plenty of servants."

The words were hardly out of her mouth before she found herself in a gorgeously-furnished parlor, seated at a grand piano, trying to drum out a piece of new music that lay before her.

"How hungry it makes me to practice my lesson," I exclaimed; "I wish dinner was ready."

Instantly the folding-doors of the parlor flew open, revealing a table, covered with a snowy cloth, and the richest silver, and costliest china, and nice white bread and golden butter, and roast chickens, and jellies, and cakes, and fruits of all descriptions; and behind her chair stood a servant ready to do her bidding.

"This is something like living," thought Gerty.

But hardly had she tasted the first morsel, when a huge black mastiff bounded into the open door, his eyeballs shining like coals of fire, and the white froth dripping from his open mouth.

"He is mad!" shrieked out the servant, springing through an open window.

"I wish I was in China," screamed Gerty; and, at a bound and a whirl, she was high in the air, and in an instant she landed in the midst of a dark-skinned, black-eyed crowd, who stared at her and talked in a language she could not understand.

"Oh, I wish I was at my father's house," said Gerty, and with another whirl she was again in the air, and then she found herself at her father's gate.

Her mother was at the door.

"Oh, mother," cried Gerty, "I am—"

"Who are you?" asked her mother.

"Why, I am your Gerty; do you not know me, mother?"

But she only laughed and said, "You my Gerty? Why, Gerty is only a little girl, and you are a woman. No, you are not my child;" and she entered the house and shut the door.

"Oh, what shall I do?" sobbed Gerty; "even my own mother does not know me."

And she darted through the gate just as a runaway horse dashed along. She tried to get out of the way, but it was too late. She slipped and fell directly in front of the horse, and would doubtless have been crushed had she not thought of the necklace.

"I wish I was a rabbit," she shrieked, and in an instant she bounded from the horse's feet in the form of a plump gray rabbit.

She did not pause till she reached the forest, when, looking up, she beheld a sportsman, with a gun about to shoot her.

"Oh, I wish I was a bird," she gasped, and lo! there she was, flying through the air in the form of a beautiful bird, pausing now and then among the leafy branches of the trees, and singing a few notes of joy.

"I shall be perfectly happy now," thought Gerty; but, glancing up, she beheld a hawk about to seize her.

"Oh, I wish I was a little girl again. I wish the fairy would take back the hateful necklace."

And she flung the trinket from her with such a force that she awoke.

Gerty started to her feet.

"I am so glad it was a dream," she said. "I am sure I will never grumble about brown bread, nor want anything more to do with fairies."

The Little Boy's Rebuke.

There was once a very old man who lived in the house of his son. The old man was deaf, his eyes were dim, and his legs weak and thin. When he was at the table, he could hardly hold his spoon, so much did his hand shake; and at times he would spill his soup on the table-cloth.

All this vexed his son and his son's wife; and they made the old man sit in a corner behind the stove. There he ate his food from an earthenware dish; and he had not always too much to eat, as you may guess.

Well, one day, his trembling hands could not hold the dish; it fell on the floor, and broke. At this, his son and his son's wife were so vexed, that they spoke harshly to the poor old man. His only answer was a deep, sad sigh. They then brought him a bowl made of wood, out of which he had to eat his food.

Not long after this, his little grandson, a boy of about four years of age, was seen at work with a chisel and hammer, hollowing out a log of wood.

His parents could not guess what he was trying to do. The little boy said nothing to any one, but kept at work on the log, and looked very grave, as if he had some great work in hand.

"What are you doing there?" asked the father. The little boy did not want to tell. Then his mother asked, "What are you doing there, my son?"

"Oh!" said he; "I am only making a little trough, such as our pigs eat out of."

"But what are you making it for, my son?"

"I am making it," said he, "for you and father to eat out of when I am a man."

The parents looked at each other, and burst into tears.

From that time forth, they treated the old man well. He had the best place at the table, a nice dish, and plenty of food.

EVERY time you avoid doing wrong, you increase your inclination to do that which is right.

IN THE GLOWING EMBERS.

BY WALTER BENDWIN.

Winter's cutting winds are blowing,
But the embers brightly glowing
Shed a pageantry of shadows all around my genial room;
And the lamp is clearly burning,
With a shade its light downturning
On my table; and I care not for the outward Winter gloom.

For I love to nestle cosy
By the embers red and rosy,
And depicting, in the flames that gaily leap the bars between,
Forms and faces that have vanished—
By Death's cruel fiat banished—
Ere the fading leaves of Life had lost their joyous vernal sheen.

And a mystic sound is stealing
Through the atmosphere, revealing
Welcome strains of gladsome melody that fill more eager ears;
And the embers fainter glimmer,
Through a mist of tears grow dimmer,
As I hear again the minstrelsy of childhood's happy years.

With the music ever changing,
From the deepest note upranging
In crescendo loud and joyful, as a pæan glad will rise,
Ere it falleth soft and lowly,
Like a requiem, and holy;
Then in sweet diminuendo floats away again and dies.

But the while its echo lingers
There's a touch of spirit-fingers
In the embers that delineate dear faces still in death.
And an undertone of sadness
Seems to run through all the gladness
Of the voices Fancy hears again in Memory's whispering breath.

But the firelight decreases,
And fond Recollection ceases
To depict the well-loved faces ever dear to me below:
And a veil is slowly falling
On the Past again, recalling
Loving Fancy from her easel of the embers' dying glow.

GATHERING TO DOOM!

A Romance of Philadelphia.

By EMERSON BENNETT.

[This serial was commenced in No. 22, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER VIII.—[CONTINUED.]

Ellen was terribly alarmed; and had she consulted merely her own feelings, would have called for help; but she restrained her inclination; and, trembling like an aspen, with cold perspiration streaming from every pore, kept her eyes riveted on the baronet's. Presently she perceived his wild, sharp, penetrating eye grow glazed and stony, as if the sight were turned inward, and the mind saw without the aid of its material surroundings. This unearthly appearance continued for perhaps a minute, during which Sir Walter moved not a muscle; and then one gleam of intellect after another began to light up his countenance, till its natural expression was entirely restored.

"Ha! Ellen," he said, "you look frightened! Have I done any thing to alarm you?"

"I was afraid, sir, you were not well," answered Ellen, much embarrassed.

"Yes, I see—I had one of my spells. My health is bad—very bad. Good health is a great blessing, my child—a great blessing." He again seated himself, gave way to a moment's reflection, and then resumed: "I am told that when these spells are on me, I sometimes speak in a rambling manner; what did I say just now?"

"You were saying something, sir, about God driving away the first murderer," answered the other, with some hesitation.

"Ah! very likely—yes, very likely. *Væ mihi!*"

The unhappy knight now entered into conversation with Ellen, and carried it on in a manner so gentle and rational, as to remove, in a great degree, the disagreeable, not to say alarming, impression which his previous language and conduct had produced. His command of language was great—his faculty of pleasing, when he chose to exert it, was wonderful—and long ere he had ceased entertaining his fair little guest, the heart of Ellen had warmed toward him to such a degree, that she felt as if she could throw her arms about his neck, and love rather than fear him, as a child should love a father.

The conversation was interrupted by a servant, who came to say that Dr. Markham was below, and desired to see his patient. This was the surgeon who attended upon Ellen.

"Show him up!" said Sir Walter, in reply to the servant.

The meeting between the baronet and Dr. Markham was polite but formal. The doctor was a plain, blunt, practical man, rather eccentric withal, and, therefore, figuratively speaking, the antipode of his wife. His head, covered by dark curly hair, was extremely large, with a broad, high, projecting forehead, and a coarse-featured, dull-looking face. A glance at his sober, unspeculative gray eye, would at once convince you that he dealt in nothing but facts—facts proved to be such by actual demonstration; that, in short, he was a man of lines, curves, angles and figures, with little or no imagination. He believed in this world, because he saw it, felt it, knew it to exist; he gave no thought to the other, because there was no evidence to satisfy his mind of there being another.

As soon as the surgeon had finished his examination of his little patient, whom he pronounced to be doing remarkably well, Sir Walter, who happened to be in a mood for conversation, and who knew something of the doctor's skeptical opinions, thus addressed him:

"I would I knew, doctor, whether man has an existence after the death of his body?"

"Umph!" returned the surgeon, drily, "there are a great many in a like predicament."

"But you have some opinion on the matter, doctor?"

"So have you—or ought to have!" was the blunt rejoinder.

"I have heard that you do not believe in the immortality of the soul—or rather, that you do not believe man has a soul!"

"Why should I? I never saw it. Do you believe a dog has a soul?"

"But a dog has no mind—no reason."

"How do you know? you were never a dog."

"But if a dog had mind, he would give evidence of it."

"What do you call mind?"

"Why, that power which thinks, reasons, conceives, weighs, measures, and judges—which from cause calculates effect, and from effect finds out cause."

"And do you tell me a dog, a horse, or a monkey, has not this power?"

"There does, indeed, seem to be a continuous chain, from the lowest order of the vegetable world, up through the animal kingdom, to the highest grade of intellect; and it is hard to say where this begins and that leaves off—where instincts stops and reason starts!" said the knight, reflectively. "Ah! true it is, as some author has observed—'*Qualis sit animus, ipse animus nescit.*'"

"Yes, sir," rejoined the doctor; "true it is, that mind is ignorant of what mind is; and, therefore, what authority has mind for saying that mind can exist without the body?"

"I have sometimes wished for annihilation," sighed the unhappy baronet; "and yet it is an awful thing to think our existence ends here!"

"Umph! very awful!" said the doctor, sneeringly. "The world has existed millions on millions of years—a fact that can be demonstrated by the process of formation, which is still in operation—and yet I'll wager my gray mare against your front teeth, that it never occurred to you to regret you were not born sooner! Annihilation awful! Poh! you will know nothing about it. We often lose hours in sleep that we have no recollection of; and millions and millions of centuries, without consciousness, would be the same to us as one lost second."

"It is not the state itself, so much as the thought of it, that is so awful," said the knight, in the way of explanation. "But since you speak of sleep, doctor, what do you think of dreams?"

"What should I think of them, but as a species of diseased fancies?"

"And yet they are often rational!"

"So is a maniac."

"Have you then no faith in dreams?"

"Yes, I believe dreams are dreams; but if you mean as prognosticators—why, *stulti confidunt somniis*—and I leave you to judge what claim I may have to be considered a fool."

"Because fools confide in dreams, is no reason why a wise man, for doing the same, should be considered a fool," returned the baronet, in a tone that indicated a slight degree of irritation; "and as I hold you to be much wiser than a fool, doctor, I want you to tell me what authority you have for asserting, that a diseased imagination, or fancy, can array before the mind's eye a healthy and perfect picture?"

"But I never said it could, sir."

"No; but you term dreams diseased fancies; and yet in dreams I have frequently seen the faces and forms of my departed friends, exactly as they appeared in life—while, awake, I have often labored in vain to call up a true likeness. Now may we not base the immortality of the soul upon the fact that man has a twofold existence—one visible the other invisible?"

"I do not catch your drift, sir!" replied the surgeon.

"Why, this it is," rejoined the knight; "I suppose you are prepared to admit that all my senses pertain to my animal body? Nay, more—from the fact that you deny a spiritual body, I presume you are ready to defend the idea that they belong to the animal body *only*. Well, then, how is it that, with my eyes closed in sleep, I can see objects I do not look upon? hear sounds that do not enter through the material ear? smell what does not come to the olfactory nerve? taste what reaches not my tongue? and feel what I do not touch?"

"Why, sir, I shall answer you, by denying that you see, hear, smell, taste, or feel, in the manner you allege. That you at the moment think you do, I will admit; but it is all mere fancy—a deception of the brain—which, like the heart and the lungs, is often active when the rest of the body is still in sleep."

"You speak with assurance, doctor," returned the baronet; "but my interior perception tells me you are wrong."

"Well," rejoins the surgeon, looking at his watch; "as I have not time to hold an argument with your interior perception, I will take this occasion to say good day, sir!"

For some time after the surgeon had departed, Sir Walter sat and mused. At length, turning abruptly to Ellen, he inquired:

"My child, do you believe we live after the death of the body?"

"I do, sir; for my mother often told me so."

"Your mother was a good woman, my child; and she was right; yes, she was right; I somehow feel it—*I know it!*"

With this the baronet arose, and quitted the apartment without saying a word.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BURGLARY AND ABDUCTION.

As we have previously remarked, the three or four months of Ellen's confinement in the mansion of the knight, with the lovely and gentle Rosalind for a companion, was the happiest period she had known since the death of her father; and it came like a gleam of sunshine through the broken clouds of a fearful storm; but, to continue the simile, it was the sunshine through parted clouds which were about to reunite and make the succeeding gloom more awful, while the storm should again rage with increased fury. We know little of astrology, and are not prepared to say whether it may properly be considered a science or not; but this we do know—that there is a certain influence bearing upon every individual, which at times completely controls him for good or evil; and if the evil aspect rule, no human ingenuity, no human foresight, can avert the fated calamity. Often, without premonition, in the very height of prosperity and happiness, the awful blow is struck, and the doomed one is crushed—perchance forever—perchance to rise again, all unexpectedly, by the same mysterious power. It was his knowledge of this mysterious something, perhaps, which caused the great bard so truthfully to say:

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."

To little Ellen was still attached an adverse fate, and notwithstanding her present bright prospects, the opening future, into whose mystic depths she could not penetrate, held in store for her misfortunes of a painfully trying nature.

The residence of Sir Walter was a stately mansion, situated on the corner of two elegant thoroughfares—the outbuildings and high walls forming a parallelogram, and enclosing a court, garden and conservatory. The main entrance was reached by marble steps, under a fine portico, over which, along the second story, extended an iron balcony, which became a favorite sitting place during the warm, pleasant evenings of spring and summer.

It was here that little Ellen found herself one delightful evening in April, with only Mrs. Wyndham for a companion. The knight and his daughter had gone for a drive to a neighboring town, taking with them two of the four servants which they kept in employ, and it was uncertain whether they would return that night or not, for Rosalind had expressed an intention of persuading her father to sleep away from home, in the hope that such a change from his dreary, monotonous course of life would prove beneficial to his health and spirits.

From some cause, which she could not explain, little Ellen, on that eventful night, felt greatly depressed, and when, at a rather late hour, she retired to her sleeping apartment without her sweet companion, Rosalind, a weight of portending evil bore so heavily upon her gentle spirit that, as she threw herself upon her downy couch, her slender frame trembled like the leaves of the aspen. She made no mention of her peculiar feelings to any one, however, and, soon after touching her pillow, fell asleep.

For an hour or two her sleep was deep and untroubled, and then she began to dream. She thought she was in a little boat, which had just passed over a dark, troubled, tempestuous sea, and entered the haven of a beautiful fairy lake, and she was looking around with rapture upon the silvery waters, and the gorgeous scenery which enclosed them, when a bright being suddenly appeared, whose shining raiment almost dazzled her eyes. In a moment she knew this angel visitant to be her beloved mother, and with a cry of joy, she clasped her in her arms, and shed beatific tears. Suddenly the bright, joyful face of her dear mother became overcast with a portentous sadness, and her voice sounded like the wail of the Æolian harp, as she said:

"My child—my dear, sweet child—I constantly watch over you—I am ever near you; but there are dangers around you, from which even a mother's love has not power to guard. Over the sea of tempests dire you have passed to this bright haven of momentary rest, but your abiding place is not for the present here, and an ocean of misery lies beyond. Put your trust in God, and call upon Him in your hours of sorrow, for He alone can safely guide your frail bark to the haven of eternal happiness. My poor, dear child, you will soon be alone on a world of tempestuous waters, at the mercy of the wild waves, drifting you know not whither, your gentle soul filled with doubts, fears and despair. This I know, who cannot see the end, for it is not given unto mortal or spirit to know the secret designs of God. Put your trust in Him, and pray ever! Farewell!"

With this the bright being kissed the sweet dreamer and vanished. Then the scene began to change. The gorgeous landscape resolved itself into a seemingly boundless ocean of murky waters, and the golden sky became overcast with dark, lowering clouds, which sent forth angry winds to raise mountainous waves. Through the deepening shades began to play the forked lightnings, and peal on peal of crashing thunder made the gloom more awful.

At this moment, with a stifled cry of horror, Ellen awoke, but only to find the reality of her situation as terrible as that of her sleeping fancy. A bright light, streaming full upon her eyes, almost blinded her, and ere she could utter a waking cry of terror, a heavy hand covered her lips, and a deep voice, in a suppressed tone, said:

"Make the least noise, and you won't live to say your prayers."

Terrified beyond the power of speech, even had the hand of the intruder not been pressed upon her mouth, Ellen remained motionless, wondering whether she were yet awake, or whether what she saw and felt were a part of some horrible vision. The light, which shone upon her face, came from a dark-lantern, and its rays, being thus concentrated into one focus, left the face and figure of him that held it, as well as all other parts of the room, in deep shadow. Setting the lantern down on the bed, but keeping the light streaming upon Ellen, the burglar—for such he was—took from his pocket an old handkerchief, which he twisted and thrust into the mouth of the trembling child, where he secured it by passing a cord around her head. Having thus gagged, he proceeded to bind her hand and foot. This done, he took up the lantern, and as he turned away, he said, in a fierce whisper:

"If you make the least noise while I am away I'll come back and slit your weasand."

Glancing hastily around the apartment, he now went out, leaving Ellen in darkness, a prey to all the horrors of a fearful reality and an excited imagination. She now discovered, poor child! that her dream was not all a dream, for though the sky was fair when she retired to rest, a storm had since come up, and the rain was now descending in torrents, accompanied with a fierce wind and occasional lightning and thunder. For some time she heard, or fancied she heard, the burglar moving about in the adjoining apartment, and breathless with terror, she listened to every sound, while a cold, clammy perspiration pressed through every pore.

In something like half an hour the man returned to the apartment of Ellen, accompanied by another, who held in his arms quite a load of silver plate. Placing his burden on the bed generally occupied by Rosalind, he and his companion in crime, by the light of the dark-lantern, contemplated the glittering heap with a high degree of satisfaction.

"I say, Jim," said the one who brought the valuables into the apartment in question, speaking in a low tone, "this here's a rare go, and we'll be able to set up among the swell nobs, arter starving to death all winter."

"Well, we will, pal," returned the other, "and see if we don't come the blind over the fancy. This here pile's enough to set a fellow up in business, to say nothing of the ready, and that there gal, who'll fetch a few."

"I say, Jim, how many shiners—eh?"

"Never you mind about that now, Jake, we'll count 'em when we get cribbed."

"Honor bright, now, Jim?"

"In course—d'ye think I'm mean enough to cheat in the swagger?"

"We must be sure and clear the beaks."

"You must do that, Jake, for the big apile will have to go with you. I'll take the gal, and come out right side up, you can bet your life."

"But what about the gal, Jim? I don't exactly understand that part."

"I do, though, and that's enough. What comes of the gal is my affair, Jake, but I'll tell you all about it some other time."

"Hark!" exclaimed the other; "didn't you hear a noise?"

The burglars listened for some minutes, making their lantern dark by shutting a metal door over the convex glass through which the light streamed.

"Nothing but the storm, I reckon," at length said the one called Jim. "It howls beautiful—just the night for us. But, come, let's be off; this here's no place for confabulation, or whatever the —— gentry call the ——thing. Here," he continued, gathering up the silk counterpane, "this here rag'll do to bag the swagger in, and so do you be off by the back way, while I stay and fasten it arter you."

"But what do you stay behind for, Jim?"

"Hain't I got the gal to tend to?"

"But what do you mean about fastening the back way? Ain't you coming out through there?"

"No, I goes front."

"What for, Jim?"

"Never you mind about that—I've got a reason, and it's a good one. Come, travel! for this here storm 'll soon blow over, and then the Charlies 'll be sneaking about, with dry feathers, ready to pounce upon the first miserable wretch they find. As long as it rains, we're all right, for they'll take —— good care not to git wet, let happen what will. Is your barkers all right, Jake?"

"Yes."

"And your rib-digger?"

"Ay."

"Well, then, put out, and don't let nothing run afoul of you and live to tell on't."

The burglars now left the room together, and, after an absence of some five or ten minutes, the one called Jim returned. Hastening to the trembling Ellen, he unbound her limbs, without removing the gag, and said:

"Now, gal, hunt out all your fine toggery, right sudden."

The poor child, supposing his design was merely to rob her of her clothing, and that he would then leave her and depart, hastily complied with his command, and soon had all that belonged to her—presents from Rosalind—collected together. Meantime the burglar, though keeping an eye on his victim, was not idle. With a false key he opened the dressing bureau of Rosalind, where, to his great delight, he found a costly necklace, and several jewels of value, which he immediately secured about his person. He then bade his trembling captive dress herself in a new silk frock, and put on her best bonnet, while he made as small a bundle as he could of the rest of her apparel. This done, he threw a costly shawl belonging to Rosalind over her shoulders, seized upon a silk umbrella that chanced to be standing in one corner, and said:

"Now, then, my little gal, we're ready for a start. We'll go softly down, and leave by the front way, and that 'll be respectable, to say the least on't."

Ellen would have remonstrated, but she was still gagged, and could not speak. What could the burglar want of her, after securing all that was valuable? Perhaps he only intended that she should show him the way to the front door; and, in the hope that this was his main design, and that he would then leave her and effect his own escape alone, she obeyed his orders with some appearance of alacrity. But when the front door was opened, he took hold of her arm, and said, gruffly:

"Come, you've got to go with me—I want you. This here's no time for any foolery!" he added, as Ellen, trembling with terror, drew back. "You've got to come, and that's the long and short on't! Now, will you come peaceable? or shall I drag you along, and stir you up with my dagger? Mark this, gal, for it's as true as that you've now got your breath in your body! if you come peaceable and quiet, you won't be hurt; but, if you manage so as to git any of the watch down on us, I'll run this here steel into your heart!"

What could the poor child do? There was no alternative. She was completely in the man's power, without even so much as the use of her voice to call for assistance. So she made a virtue of necessity, and yielded to a fate she could not control or change.

The burglar, with a view of presenting a quiet, respectable appearance to the eye of any one they might chance to meet, took hold of her hand, and spread the umbrella over their heads. The course he took was through streets dimly lighted and but little frequented, and in something less than half an hour, Ellen found herself entering that dismal quarter from which she hoped she had forever escaped, and which in a former chapter we termed the Infected District. After passing several dens of misery, the burglar at last entered an alley more dark and noxious than any, and, cautiously approaching an old, dilapidated door, he rapped softly on it with his knuckles.

"Who's there?" inquired a female voice, which Ellen fancied she recognized.

"It's all right," was the answer, in a low, guarded tone. "It's me, Mag—open quick!"

The next moment Ellen found herself dragged forward through the partly-opened door into a place of total darkness. Immediately the door was closed again, and the man inquired:

"Has Jake come, Mag?"

"No."

"The fiends take him, if he's trying any dodge, or has blundered into limbo!"

"How have you made out, Jim?" inquired the woman.

"It's been a rare go, and we've bagged the swagger without a bark. Hark!" he whispered "there's a footstep, and—yes—there's a knock. Speak, Mag!"

"Who's there?" again demanded the woman.

"Jake," was the answer, in a low tone.

The door was again partly opened, and the second burglar glided in, and deposited his burden on the ground, the apartment being still in total darkness.

"It's all right, pal," whispered Jim, as he busied himself with the fastenings of the door. "I'm afeared you'd run afoul of a beak."

"I did come near one, and had to go a long ways round," answered the other. "Come, let's have a glim."

"Here it is," answered the woman, as she drew a match across the jamb of the fireplace, and lighted a tallow candle.

As the feeble rays fell upon the bloated countenance, Ellen perceived that she had not mistaken the voice of the woman, and that she was again in the presence of the degraded being called Margaret. She instantly turned to the master burglar, and saw, what she had before merely suspected—for, till now, his face had been constantly in deep shadow—that she was indebted for her present captivity to the very man who had once probably saved her life, by picking her up in the street when in a most destitute condition. At that time, the home of this man of crime seemed to her a little paradise—now, by contrast with her late abode, a very hell.

"Why, who have we here?" said Margaret, now for the first time aware of the presence of Ellen.

"There's a surprise for ye, Mag," answered Mulwrack, with a kind of chuckle.

"Why, as I'm a living sinner," continued Margaret, bringing the light close to Ellen's face, "if it isn't the ungrateful little thief that stole my money and ran off! How's this, Jim?"

"You may well ax how it is, Mag," replied the other, "for the whole thing gits *me* all of a heap. You see, as me and Jake was rummaging the big crib, hunting for the swagger, I happened into one of the sleeping-rooms, and then thought it best to know if anybody spied me. Well, on coming up to the bed that had somebody in it, you can fancy how the thing got me, when I seed the face of her that we'd been looking for so long. Here's luck, thinks I; and I'll bag you, if I don't nothing else. Well, I gagged and tied her; and when we'd got through with our tother business, I took her along. And what's more," he added, with a chuckle, "I made her git her toggery, and we came the front way, arter letting Jake out the back way, and fastening all up tight. D'ye understand that dodge, Mag?"

"I think I do," answered the woman; "you mean the big-bugs shall suspicion she robbed them?"

"You've hit the nail there, Mag—though Jake couldn't guess," returned Mulwrack.

On hearing this, poor Ellen uttered a groan of mental agony, and reeled against the wall.

"Well, hang me, if I smelt the rat, Jim!" said Jake, in a tone of admiration. "It takes you! So this was what you wanted of the gal, arter all? But what'll you do with her now?"

Mulwrack and Margaret exchanged glances, and the former replied:

"Oh, leave that to me! I'll take care she'll fetch us more spile than trouble."

The last sentence he muttered to himself.

Margaret now removed the shawl which had been thrown over Ellen; and as she glanced at her rich and fashionable apparel, she uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Why, how's this?" she said; "silks, as I live! Why, she must have been something more than a servant in the family!"

"Take that there rag out of her mouth, and let her explain?" rejoined the master burglar. "I'd like to know something about it too."

As soon as she could speak, Ellen fell upon her knees, and besought her captors, in the most piteous tones, interrupted with tears and sobs, to take all she had of value, and allow her to return to her kind friends, before they should suspect her of being so base and ungrateful as to rob them—a crime which seemed to her pure soul as black as the shades of hell itself.

"Stop your blubbering noise!" said Mulwrack, savagely, "or I'll stop it for you. It ain't much of a quarter for the beaks, this here—but there's no use in letting our neighbors into our secrets. The long and short on't is, you can't go back at present—and so shut up your whining!"

"Umph!" sneered Margaret; "you make a monstrous fuss about robbing them big-bugs; as if they cared for a trifle; and as if you wasn't used to stealing! You didn't feel so virtuous, probably, when you stole my clothes and money! and from me, too, who'd tried to do you a kindness, because you was poor and friendless like myself. Oh, no, it didn't matter what you took from me—a poor, miserable, degraded wretch. Come, I like that!"

"Oh! dear! dear!" cried Ellen; "don't think I stole your money—don't! Oh! indeed, indeed, I didn't! I'll tell you how it was."

"Oh, yes—I'll be bound you have a lie ready made!" replied Margaret.

"No, ma'am—I'll tell you the truth, and nothing else, as I hope for heaven!"

There was something so convincing in the earnest, agonizing tone in which little Ellen spoke, that, after looking her steadily in the eye for a few moments, Margaret said, in a milder voice:

"Well, go on, and let's hear what you have to say for yourself!"

Hurriedly Ellen narrated the manner of her meeting with the hunchback, on that eventful Christmas morning—how she was induced to put herself under his guidance—what took place at Jimmy Quiglan's—and how she subsequently lost her way, wandered off to Chestnut street, got run over, and so forth and so on.

"If I could only believe you!" said Margaret, on whom Ellen's story seemed to make a favorable impression.

"Oh! ma'am—you must—you must believe me!" cried Ellen. "Oh! don't think I would do wrong to anybody; and particularly to one so good and kind to me as you were!"

Hardened as she was in sin and crime, a tear—forced up from some little cavern in her soul, not yet eternally closed against the emotions which soften and save—glistened in Margaret's eye, as Ellen spoke.

"Come, come," joined in Mulwrack, gruffly, who noticed that Ellen's language was awakening the sympathetic feelings of his companion in vice—and which, if fully aroused, might seriously interfere with his design. "Come, come, Mag, what is't to you whether the gal's story's true or not?"

"It's a good deal to me, Jim," replied the other, with some spirit; "for I hate to think everybody's as wicked as us—I mean as me."

"Hush, now, with such nonsense!" growled Jim. "I'll git mad soon, Mag."

"Oh! I can show you the scars, to prove that I was run over!" said Ellen, eagerly, who saw that her only hope of escape lay in the better feelings of Margaret, which she could the more readily excite by convincing her that she had spoken the truth.

"Oh! can you do that?" exclaimed Margaret.

"If she can, she sha'n't!" rejoined Mulwrack, almost fiercely. "See here!" he continued, addressing Ellen; "if you know when you're well off, you'd better keep your mouth shut! Will you do it?"

"Yes, sir!" replied the terrified child; "if you don't want me to speak, I won't."

"That's sensible; and mind you keep to your word, or I'll break your head! If you think you can keep your mouth shut now, and make no noise, you may go up that ladder there," pointing to one in the further corner of the room, which led through a trap-door to the second story; "but if I hear from you agin, I'll gag you, and chuck you down cellar, among the rats! You know what's wanted now—so start!"

Poor little Ellen, afraid of her life, hastened to the ladder, without a word, and ascended to the floor above. Mulwrack followed her, closed the trap-door, and fastened it on the lower side. Ellen was now in an unfurnished apartment, close under the roof, and in total darkness—for the only window the room contained, was boarded up, so that scarcely a ray of light could enter. Sinking upon the floor, she buried her face in her hands, and struggled to keep down the up-heavings of her seemingly breaking heart, and stifle the sound of convulsive sighs and sobs. After the storm there comes a calm, and vented grief gives the troubled mind repose. Ellen at length became tranquil, if not resigned; and hope, which seldom leaves youth, sprung up in her breast. Till the dawn of day, she heard them moving about in the room below, and conversing in low tones—and once or twice she fancied her own name was mentioned. At last all grew still; and about the same time, strange as it may seem, she fell into a sound sleep, from which she did not awake for several hours. When she did awake, she knew, by a small ray of sunlight, which found its way into her chamber, through a crevice in the roof, that it could not be far from the mid-day hour. She looked around her prison, by a light resembling twilight, and saw that bread and water had been placed within her reach; but all was still below, and not a living soul did she see throughout that day of wretchedness almost beyond the strength of reason to endure.

Let us now turn to another scene, and see if we can ascertain the mysterious cause which led to the abduction and imprisonment of this poor child of sorrow.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHEN IS A MAN OLD?

When may we be said to have made or to be making "old bones?" On this point Dr. Gardner is a most exhilarating informant. He allows, indeed, that the period cannot "be strictly defined by years." Some human beings, like some racehorses which are "run off their legs" at two years of age, are too early exposed to the effects of wear and tear, and, necessarily, instead of being strengthened by what might otherwise have been a severe, perhaps, but an invigorating and a hardening discipline, break down and fall into premature decay. Then the phrase "fast living" is full of meaning. It implies a crowding of pleasures or suffering into a shorter compass than natural; and, if we burn a candle at both ends, we cannot take the time in which it is consumed as a fair criterion of the lasting powers of candles in general, reasonably treated. Let us, however, put our human candle in a proper candlestick, and burn it moderately and snuff it and trim it carefully, and it will last so long that, as Dr. Gardner says: "Observation has convinced me that sixty-three is an age at which the majority of persons may be termed old; and, as a rule, we may adopt it as the epoch of the commencing decline of life." This is calculated to cheer the spirits of those who have been told that "a man is old at forty-five;" but it will, on the other hand, prove a damper to those who "have considered seventy the normal standard." Let not the latter, however, be unduly discouraged, for the doctor, adopting, with certain modifications, the views of M. Flourens, would bring the natural life of a man to be from ninety to one hundred and five years, and would, therefore, draw the satisfactory, or, from another point of view, unsatisfactory inference, "that all persons who die under eighty years of age, many who die under ninety, some who die under one hundred, or even one hundred and five, die prematurely." It may be advisable to remark in passing, for the benefit of those who are not familiar with the views of M. Flourens, that he, "taking his observations from the group mammalia, of the class vertebrata, of having the closest resemblance to man . . . found that their natural life extends exactly to five times the period of their growth; and, "applying the rule thus obtained to human life, and taking the age when the body is fully matured to be twenty years, he concludes the natural duration of the life of man to be one hundred years." It does not appear, unfortunately, that M. Flourens made any allowance for the fuss, worry, nagging and aggravation from which all mammals except man appear to be tolerably exempt, which every human being has to endure more or less, and which is as fatal to sensitive natures as disease or privation tend to materially shorten existence.

GERMAN FRUGALITY.

No stranger can reside in Germany for any length of time and form even a moderate acquaintance with the citizens without becoming impressed by the contentment, frugality, and union usually reigning in the German domestic circle. The family of many a man doing a large business and moving in society of the highest respectability often occupy but one floor, and every room is furnished with great simplicity. One seldom observes a disposition to occupy the whole of a large house. Just enough rooms to satisfy every requirement, and they generally much smaller than Americans are accustomed to, are all that are desired. A man's business may increase every year, and yet he does not seem to be troubled with the thought of getting out of his modest apartments into larger ones, or of buying a house for its entire occupation. The disposition, on the increase of wealth, to enter a more aristocratic circle, by buying a stately mansion on a fashionable street, beautifying it with costly furniture, giving great entertainments, and appearing every afternoon with a grand equipage, is not a part of the German's character. If he indulged in all these luxuries on anything less than an immense fortune, the presumption is that either he or his wife has been to America. The first thing a wealthy German thinks of, is old wine and abundance of servants.

FACETIÆ

THE NAKED TRUTH—A bear story.

THE end of a candle is to give light.

THE ORIGINAL GREENBACKS—Frogs.

A SINISTER EXPRESSION—Over the left.

WHO was the first wandering lover in history? Stra-bo.

ONE WHOSE TROUBLES ARE ALL IN HIS EYE—A blind man.

ALWAYS READY TO TAKE A FAIR VIEW OF THINGS—A conductor.

WHAT is that which the dead and living do at the same time? They go round with the world.

AN indefatigable mamma, who has succeeded in getting her own seven daughters "well off her hands," has determined to extend to others the benefit of her "system." She is going to open a "class" for the instruction of young ladies in the art of husband-catching. It is to be called the "School of Design."

THE RING.

"Give me," said Lubin to his fair,
To whom he would be more than friend,
"Give me the little ring you wear,
'Tis like my love—it has no end."
"Excuse me, that I cannot do;
My heart you have no hope of winning:
The ring is like my love for you,
For, Lubin, it has no beginning!"

A HIGH-SCHOOL girl in a street car was recently overheard reciting her lesson to a fellow pupil in this fashion: "If the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle are equal to the square of the hypothenuse of a rightangle cone, then the rectangle of the diameter of a circle is equal to the square of the—ah—to the—ah—is equal to the—ah—to the square—ah—to the—ah—oh, bother; gimme the book! I wish pa 'ud let me take dancing lessons instead of these horrible squares and angles, and hypothenuses."

WHAT KILLED HIM?—A few years ago, when Judge Gould, lately deceased, was holding court in the city of New York, a prisoner was tried before him for wilful murder, in causing the death of a man by a pistol shot. An eminent surgeon was called as a witness for the defence.

The prisoner's counsel, an adroit lawyer, attempted to show that the man who lived some little time after being shot, might have died from some other cause, and examined his witness after this style:

"Doctor, would not such and such a thing cause death?"

"Oh, yes, to be sure."

"Well, doctor, might not this man have died from such and such causes?"

"Oh, yes, he might."

"That is quite sufficient for us," exclaimed the defendant's counsel, with an air of triumph, twirling his eyeglass.

Judge Gould turned on his seat, bent his penetrating black eyes full on the witness, and said, a little too sharply:

"Doctor, you have now told us what *might* have caused this man's death; now will you be so kind as to tell me what *did* cause his death?"

"*The bullet, sir!*" answered the witness.

This ended the case.

OUR OWN SPHINX.

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philada.]

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 20 letters.

My 11, 4, 17, 16, 4, 14, 6, 4, 17, 14 is a town in Maryland.

My 3, 4, 17, 14, 13, 14, 15, 11, 4, 17, 14 is a town in Pennsylvania.

My 17, 1, 13, 11, 5, 7, 8, 10, 20 is a town in New York.

My 9, 6, 17, 2, 9, 9 is a town in Massachusetts.

My 16, 8, 16, 11, 4, 14 is a town in Pennsylvania.

My 17, 8, 16, 12, 13, 14, 15, 6, 4, 14 is a Southern city.

My whole is the title of a sweet little song.

LITTLE ONE.

CHARADE.

If my first is my second,
'Tis sure to be flee!;
If my second's my first,
It is not fit to eat;
And what is my whole
Will depend upon whether
My second and first
You fit rightly together.
If my second comes first,
'Tis an animal; but,
If my second comes second,
Why, then it is "nut."
So, if it's an animal,
Then you may back it;
But, supposing it isn't,
I leave you to crack it.

ORION.

A HIDDEN BOUQUET.

1. A woman's name, and the title of an Italian lady.
2. A color, and a thing indispensable to every house.
3. A small fowl, and a thing we should keep our gardens free from.
4. Small horses, and a part of our frame.
5. A cunning animal, and a part of one's dress.
6. A plant much used at Christmas, and a kind of wine.
7. The border of a garment, and part of a door.
8. An animal, and to slide.
9. The opposite to sour, and a man's name.

J. A. Y.

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 35.]

Answers to "Our Own Sphinx," No. 29, Vol. 54.

ENIGMA.—Blow.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.—"And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them, likewise."

WORD SQUARE.—

P I C T S
I V O R Y
C O R A L
T R A M P
S Y L P H

NAME PUZZLES.—

1.	2.
M aude.	T imothy.
A gatha.	H ugh.
R osalie.	O liver.
I rene.	M aurice.
E ulalie.	A lbert.
	S ylvester.

DRIFTING ALONE.

BY HOWARD W. LONG.

I am drifting alone on the current of time,
And the lot of the castaway henceforth is mine.
My frail bark is wreck'd; I have no port to lieu;
And to life's cares and sorrows I'll soon bid adieu!
But the thought of the years that were spent he'er too well,
Fills my heart with dismay—makes my very brain reel!
They are misspent and gone; I am weary and gray;
Soon the summons will come that shall call me away.

Yet, e'en though I crave that release from the pain
Of a long, weary life passed in sorrow and shame,
Still, I fear thus to enter the life yet to come:
For my future's uncertain, my course nearly run.
I am drifting alone, and the swift running tide
Seems to mock at my sorrows, my suff'rings deride;
I am weary and worn with the battle of life,
With no strength to renew, and no heart for the strife.

I am truly alone; but see! yonder's the shore
Looming up through the night! I will struggle no more;
I will hope even now, and though life's nearly past,
Light shines through the darkness; I'll triumph at last!
Soon the billows will roll o'er my senseless form;
But the darkness of night will give place to new morn.
I am weary and old; I have sinned and grown gray;
But the sorrows of life are fast passing away.

For a hope lights the heart that was stricken with fear—
That my troubles are o'er—that deliv'rance is near.
Yes, I see spread before me a life of new joy;
And the doubts that beset me no longer annoy.
With the comforting thought bearing up my weak soul,
I drift on resign'd toward the heavenly goal.
'Tis a haven of rest; and no longer I'll roam,
For its gateway I see, as I drift on alone.

For True Love's Sake!

OR,

The Discarded Wife.

BY RETT WINWOOD,

Author of "The Ebony Casket," Etc., Etc.

[This serial was commenced in No. 23, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXII.

"I AM INNOCENT."

We must turn back a moment, in the thread of our sorrowful history, to explain more fully than has yet been done, Major Vaughn's sudden appearance upon the scene.

Of course, the reader will understand it was all a part of the vile plot concocted against his peace, and the good name of the woman he loved so passionately.

To Rose Carrington had been entrusted the task of inveigling the banker to the White Swan, in season to witness what would appear to be incontrovertible proof of his wife's infidelity.

She played the *rôle* assigned her with more than her usual cleverness. At one o'clock, she prevailed upon Major Vaughn to have the carriage ordered out, and accompany her upon a drive.

The heart-sick man consented readily enough. Rose had been a great favorite with him since that fatal day—which now seemed so very, very long ago—when he believed himself to have discovered Janet Conway's complicity in the petty robberies of which he had been the victim.

Naturally enough, being disappointed in one niece, his sore heart turned to lavish its wealth of affection upon the other.

Rose was more than usually fascinating during the drive in question. She kept chatting away so brilliantly that Major Vaughn quite forgot to note the lapse of time.

Not so did Rose. She kept her tiny little watch, with its diamond-studded case, open in the palm of one hand, and glanced at it very cautiously, every now and then. That watch, by the way, was a gift from the very man whom she was now bearing to his doom.

It was Rose herself who ordered the horses about at last. The hands of the watch pointed to twenty minutes of three when they drew up before the White Swan, on their return.

"I'm hungry and tired, dear Uncle Douglas," said she, in her pretty, coaxing way. "Won't you go in with me? You and I will have a nice little dinner all to ourselves, before we go back to Rosewood. It would be so splendid, so like old times, for you and me to dine *tete-a-tete* again."

Always ready to oblige her, the poor, deluded man never once dreamed of refusing so trifling a request. He lifted her from the carriage, tenderly kissing her rosy cheeks as he did so.

"You dear little gourmand," he said, "I can refuse you nothing. Now run in and order what you please."

But Rose drew back.

"No, uncle," shaking her bewitching curls most decidedly, "you must give the order. It would not look well for me to do it."

He ran, smilingly, up the steps. The instant his back was turned, Rose leaned forward suddenly, and spoke to the coachman.

"Drive round to the stables, James, and remain there until we send for you."

It was no part of her plan that poor Nora, coming at three o'clock, should be put on her guard, the first thing, by seeing the Vaughn carriage drawn up before the door.

She waited until the coachman had done her bidding; then entered the inn to join her uncle.

They were shown into an apartment opening from the long, narrow hall. While they were sitting in this room—the best of which the White Swan could boast—with the door slightly ajar (that was Rose's work), they had heard Nora's soft footfall in the dismal passage, and her sweet voice asking for the person who was to meet her there.

Major Vaughn had cried out involuntarily. His first impulse had been to go to her and ask a full explanation of her presence at that place. Then a horrible suspicion took possession of his mind, and he sat quite still, ghastly as death, waiting and listening.

The landlord's words reached his ears distinctly. He heard them go up stairs together. There was a brief delay—a door closed sharply—and then the landlord came down again.

Rose was nearly as pale as her uncle. She sat gazing at him with fascinated eyes. By-and-by she rose up, pushed the door wider open, then sat down again.

At the next instant heavy steps strode along the hall, and ascended the stairs. Major Vaughn looked out. It was Roland Dane who had passed the door, and he was going straight up to that chamber in which Nora seemed to be awaiting him.

Something akin to the agony of death came over that noble soul at what he had beheld. He rose from his chair, but fell back into it almost instantly, trembling and breathless.

"Oh, my God!" he groaned.

Rose ran up to him. She was really frightened at his white face. She thrust her arms round his neck and kissed him passionately.

"I know it is very hard," she cried. "But try to bear up—for my sake—for Janet's sake."

Major Vaughn threw off her clinging hands. For some minutes he sat with his face turned away, shaking from head to foot. But at last he rose up.

"I will go to them," he said, with an oath and a strange laugh. "I will confront that wretched woman with her paramour."

"No, no, no," pleaded Rose, wildly. She was afraid murder might be done—that Roland would be hurt. "Come away. Come home with me. Oh, why did I ever bring you here?"

"Stand aside," he said, harshly, and thrust her away.

Then he strode up the stairs. Of course Rose followed him. She was close at his heels when he burst in the door; close at his heels she followed him into the room.

For one instant he stood glaring at the crouching, shrinking figure of his wife, with loathing and horror written all over his white face. Then he turned to Roland, grinding his teeth, and with fury in his looks.

"Infamous scoundrel!" he cried out. He struck the young man a stinging blow over the face with his open palm. "Learn from that what I think of you, and your conduct." And he struck him again.

"Take care," said Roland, recoiling a pace or two, and hissing the words fiercely between his teeth. "I warn you to take care."

A low, horrible laugh broke from Major Vaughn's lips. He advanced once more upon the young man, with flame in his eyes, and his clenched hand shaking wildly in the air.

"Leave the room!" he gasped, hoarsely. "Leave the room or I shall kill you!"

Something in his burning eye and rigid face overawed Roland. He hesitated an instant, then flushed crimson, and slunk quietly away.

His steps sounded on the stairs in retreat; and the sound died into silence.

A moment's awful hush, and then Nora threw herself before her husband, with her hands clasped, her white, frightened face upturned.

"I am innocent, Douglas," she said. "As God hears me, I am innocent."

He stood looking down at her with a gaze of unspeakable indignation.

"Innocent?" he gasped out. "Innocent?" and now his voice rose almost to a shriek. "How dare you kneel there and utter the falsehood to my very face. Innocent! and I find you locked into this room with your paramour! Oh, my God!"

She rose to her feet and stood there, clinging to him with all the eagerness of despair.

"Only hear me," she pleaded. "My husband, you must, you *shall* hear me. I have done nothing to forfeit your esteem.

"Look into my face, and condemn me if you can. I am the victim of the vilest plot that was ever yet constructed to ruin a helpless woman; but, before God, I have done you no wrong."

He turned upon her, groaning in bitter anguish of spirit.

"Do not add blasphemy to your other sins. Think you I cannot trust to the evidence of my own senses? Heaven only knows how fondly I have believed in you. But all that is over now. I can never again give credence to a word that falls from your lying lips."

"Only hear my story," she pleaded. "I can explain everything."

He did not answer. He only pushed her from him with a gesture of utter loathing.

Nora burst into an agony of sobs and entreaties. She covered his hands with tears and kisses, and then broke from him to throw herself before Rose, and cling to the treacherous girl as if she were her last hope.

"Speak to him, Rose," she pleaded. "He will listen to you. Speak to him, and tell him that I am innocent!"

But Rose drew back, trembling.

"How can I tell him that," she faltered, "when I do not believe it myself? How can I ask him to listen to you when I know you have deceived and imposed upon him from first to last?"

Nora leaned, trembling, against the wall. The cruel words seemed to strike her dumb.

"You, too!" she gasped out, at last. "Have you turned against me? Then I am lost, indeed!"

She stood a moment, fighting bravely for self-control, then she staggered towards the door, and with a long, last look at the husband who had accused her, went slowly from the room.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WRETCHED AND FORLORN.

Nora slunk from the inn out into the highroad, like the guilty thing they believed her, blinded, bewildered by the blow that had fallen.

She wandered up and down in the yellow sunlight that seemed so cold and cheerless to her dazed senses. She could not reason upon the misfortune that had overtaken her. She could only realize that her husband distrusted her, and that she was utterly weary of life, and longed to yield it up, and so escape forever from all this misery and injustice.

Where could she go—what do? Vaguely it dawned upon her mind that Major Vaughn had meant to cast her off, that she was done with him forever. Oh, God, help her—poor, lonely, forlorn, helpless creature that she was!

On and on she wandered in the sharp, searching sunlight, with her veil drawn closely over her haggard face, moaning every now and then as if with some sudden wrench of pain.

All unconsciously she had taken the road that led back to Rosewood. A sort of instinct was leading her footsteps back to the home where she had expected to be so happy.

Presently there came a roll of carriage wheels up behind her. She paused and looked back, all her heart in her mouth, for it was Major Vaughn and Rose who were coming up to her.

Should she risk one last appeal? She must, or this anguish would kill her. She threw herself into the dust of the road, right before the prancing horses; she lifted up her poor, white, quivering face from which the veil had now been thrown back.

"Douglas, listen to me," she cried. "I shall never appeal to you again. As you hope for justice in this world, and mercy in the next, I implore you to listen to me."

He was as pale as ashes. He lifted his head from the velvet cushions where it was lying, and gazed at her impatiently.

"It it useless. I do not wish to know anything you can tell me. I have seen enough with my own eyes. Oh, my God, Nora, to think you should have deceived me so cruelly!"

That sharp cry was wrung from his lips in spite of himself. Nora started, and a faint crimson flamed suddenly into her cheeks.

"Douglas, Douglas, you are torturing your own heart as well as mine! I swear to you I am innocent! For mercy's sake, let me tell you what took me to that dreadful place to-day."

He silenced her with a gesture.

"I will *not* listen. You shall not perjure yourself in my hearing!"

Then bending towards her, and wiping the cold beads of perspiration from his forehead, he added, in a lower tone:

"I know all your infamy. That man was your lover before you married me. It was *his* name you hid from me when you told that pitiful story on our wedding day. My wealth tempted you to turn against him. You see how well I can read your motives. But you were not strong enough to play out your *rôle* to the end. Your heart was forever being drawn out after him, and at last you sacrificed yourself."

"No! no! no!" she shrieked wildly, unable to say more in the horror that came over her at such an accusation.

"It is true," he went on. "Now go. I discard—disown you. You are wife of mine no longer. I wish I might never see your false face again. May heaven save me from that misery. Go back to the White Swan, the doors of Rosewood are closed against you forever. Go back to your vile paramour, and be happy with him, if you can! If heaven's vengeance does not overtake that villain, mine is sure to do so."

He gasped once or twice for breath, and added:

"I cannot forget that you *were* my wife. You shall have no excuse to sin. I shall provide for you abundantly. Go back to the White Swan and await there the man whom I shall send to make some sort of settlement upon you."

The last words were scarcely audible. The effort of speaking with Nora again had been too much for him. He gasped once or twice, and fell back, white and rigid, upon the velvet cushions.

Nora sprung up with a shrill cry of alarm.

"He has fainted," she said, and made an effort to climb into the carriage to his assistance.

Rose pushed off her clinging hands with unnecessary violence.

"How dare you, vile creature that you are?" she hissed.

Then she turned to the coachman.

"Drive on," she said, in a sharp voice. "Drive for your life."

"Ay, ay," was the answer, and the glittering carriage darted up the road, leaving Nora lying prostrate in the sand and dust.

By-and-by she picked herself up. Oh, the anguish and humiliation she suffered! And now, added to all the rest, was a frightful dread that her husband was going to be ill.

Ill! and she had been banished from his side! Ill! and she could not soothe away his pain, or comfort him with sweet words of cheer or affection. Ill! and strange hands must nurse and care for him!

She staggered blindly down the road. Her brain was in a whirl. A thousand images rose up before it. Her thoughts were wild and chaotic, without rhyme or reason.

"Return to the White Swan!" she muttered. "Wait for his messenger to talk of settlements! Never! I want none of his money. I will not take one penny of it, unless given with his love and confidence—so help me, heaven!"

She threw up one pretty, slender hand to the blue, pitiless sky smiling so serenely overhead. It almost seemed as if heaven itself were mocking her anguish. A great cry broke from her lips; a sudden deluge of tears overflowed her white cheeks.

She felt better afterwards. Her brain was clearer. She even began to consider what she should do.

Do! She was friendless, homeless, forsaken—the most forlorn creature upon whom the sun shone that day. There was but one course open to her. She must seek the great city again, hide herself there, and take up her pen once more. The public had not forgotten their old favorite, Similia, and she could easily make a living.

But, oh, the utter loneliness of such an existence, after the brief, bright dream of happiness that had been allotted her!

The station was not far away. She went staggering towards it, with the uncertain step of one who had suddenly grown old. Fortunately she had a little money left, enough to provide for her simple wants until she could earn more.

The down express came whistling into the little station almost as soon as she reached it. While securing her ticket, she glanced quickly all round to see if anybody was there who would know her.

She saw no familiar faces. Nobody seemed to notice her except a tall, broad-shouldered man with iron-gray hair and whiskers, and an olive complexion, who was pacing up and down the wooden platform.

This man watched her covertly out of the corners of his eyes. They were blue eyes, Nora observed, and there was a wicked gleam in their clear depths that seemed strangely familiar. She shivered, without knowing why.

"How foolish and whimsical I have grown," she thought; and hurried past him to take her place in the train.

It was dark when she reached New York. She was hastening to secure a cab that would take her to some respectable hotel, when her gaze fell once more upon the man with the iron-gray hair and the wicked eyes.

He, too, had come down by the express. He was certainly following her. She knew it by the way he looked at

her, and the smile that curled his lips. He kept close at her heels. Presently he put out his hand as if to detain her.

In a spasm of uncontrollable terror she rushed out of the station, and fled wildly down the first street that presented itself.

On and on she fled, stopping at last from utter weariness, and because the people she passed stared at her so very strangely. She looked shudderingly about her. The street was one blaze of gaslight. Just at this point, however, there were very few people visible.

Suddenly, as if he had risen from the earth, the man she dreaded stood beside her. Before she could shriek, or run on again, his hand had closed upon her arm in a vicelike grip.

"Poor, foolish Nora," he said. "Why do you fly from me, your only friend?"

That voice was perfectly familiar. She turned and stared at him as if her senses were almost gone.

"Who are you?" she demanded, harshly.

"One who loves you too truly to see you suffer, whether you believe it or not."

With his disengaged hand he lifted the hat which had been drawn low over his brow. The crop of iron-gray hair came with it. For an instant the gaslight fell brightly upon his face.

It was a face disguised! But Nora recognized it, in spite of the olive stain upon the skin, and that disfiguring wig and beard.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CAUGHT IN A SNARE.

"Roland Dane!" Nora cried out, sharply; and then her very heart seemed to stand still.

"Hush!" said he, with a warning gesture. "Do not make a scene here in the street."

He drew her along with him, as he spoke, a little further from the lamplight. She offered no resistance. For the moment she could offer none. She was stricken dumb, powerless, by the very audacity and infamy of this man's actions.

"You!" she gasped, faintly, at last, in a tone of horror, as she shivered from head to foot.

"Yes," glibly. "That senseless idiot, your husband, has cast you off. But I am not so cruel. It was all my fault that matters were brought to such a pass. I can't explain why I suffered you to be enticed to the White Swan, and then be surprised there by your husband in my society. But I had very good reasons for permitting it. I was working in the interests of another, truth to tell."

Through all her hatred, contempt, and dread of this man, a righteous indignation kindled in Nora's heart at his concluding words.

"Yes," she said, bitterly, "you were but a cowardly tool, performing the bidding of a more cowardly master. I comprehend the whole vile plot, and you need attempt no further concealment. Godfrey Vaughn has hired you to bring all this disgrace and suffering upon me. Oh, what valiant souls you must be, to wage war upon a helpless woman!"

Roland recoiled, in spite of himself, before the sweeping scorn expressed in both words and tone.

"You are laboring under a mistake—indeed you are," he stammered. "But this is no time to attempt exculpation. Whatever construction you may have placed upon my conduct this afternoon, you must bear in mind, now, that I am sincerely your friend—that I love you devotedly, and have loved you through it all, though circumstances have compelled me to wear a mask, even before you."

He leaned towards her with a gesture of supreme tenderness. He would have kissed her cheek, had not Nora shrunk from him in such visible terror and disgust.

"Oh, this is too much!" she gasped, wildly wringing her hands. "Must I submit to be so insulted, so humiliated! Never!"

She attempted to break from him, but he held her fast.

"Listen to reason, you foolish child," in a cajoling voice. "That rascal, your husband, will never have anything more to do with you. Of that you may rest assured. He has abandoned you to shift for yourself. I could not be so hard-hearted. I knew how it would be, and followed you to New York in this disguise. You need a protector, and I am ready to be to you as a brother until I can claim a nearer tie."

"What do you mean?" she said, faintly. "I am already a wife."

Roland laughed hoarsely.

"Major Vaughn might die, or in time a divorce might be obtained."

At that, all fear gave way before her kindling spirit. Her cheeks flushed, and there was flame in her eyes.

"Understand me once for all—I hate and despise you," she burst out, fiercely. "Were you the last man upon earth, and I the last woman, it would still be the same. You would still fill me with aversion and horror. Now remove your hand, and suffer me to go my way."

His hold upon her arm only tightened. He leaned over her, chuckling in her ear, a low, horrible chuckle full of malice and triumph.

"Very well," he said, "it is a good thing to come to an understanding. You are proud and haughty, and full of scorn, just now, but you will be humble enough before I am done with you. And I shall not unloose my hold. Your ways are my ways."

"I will scream for assistance."

"Do so."

His coolness exasperated her. An awful fear was upon her, and under its influence she uttered a sharp, shrill scream.

"Stop that," he said, with an oath.

She glanced all about her. A policeman came running up to them—he had heard her cry.

"I claim your protection against that villain," said Nora, pointing at Roland.

"In what way has he injured you?" asked the man.

"He is detaining me against my will. I hate and fear him. He is my deadly enemy. Oh, for God's sake, save me from his clutches!"

There was real fire and passion in the appeal. The policeman stood staring at them, as if uncertain what to do or say.

Roland took advantage of his hesitation. Secretly and deftly he slipped a crisp bank-note into the man's palm.

"This girl is my daughter," he said, pressing a handkerchief to his eyes. "Poor, misguided child! She has broken my heart. I have loved her most devotedly; but she is ungrateful. She was running away to throw herself into the arms of a man utterly unworthy of her. As a fond parent, could I stand by and witness the sacrifice?"

"It is false!" cried Nora. "This man is nothing to me. He has no right to detain me. Strip off his disguise, and you will see he is but a few years older than myself."

"Oh, my daughter, may God forgive you for such duplicity! I never thought to live to see the day when you would deny me."

He acted his part well. A sudden chill struck to the poor girl's heart; she was shivering again, in every limb.

"Save me," she said, faintly, to the policeman. "Don't be imposed upon by that wretch. If you turn against me, I am lost indeed."

The man seemed to hesitate.

"I suppose I must take you both to the station-house," he said, at last.

"No, no," exclaimed Roland. "I could not bear to see my daughter so disgraced. Her name would be in all the public prints—everybody would be gossiping about her. No, no! Respect a father's feelings. Let me take her home with me."

A second bank-note followed the first. The scale was turned in an instant.

"Very well," said the policeman. "I will call a cab."

"Pray do."

"Stay!" cried Nora, in utter despair. "Would you help along that villain's infamous scheme? Don't go, don't leave me an instant alone with him!"

He swung on his heel without paying the slightest attention to her appeal. Roland laughed softly to himself as the man strode off.

"We shall see now who is to triumph," he said.

Five minutes later, a cab came whirling up to the spot. The policeman jumped down from the box.

"Here you are, all right," he said, flinging open the door.

Then Roland lifted Nora, scarcely conscious, with her brain reeling, and her limbs trembling, into the cab, and took his place beside her, after having whispered a hurried direction in the cabman's ears.

For at least an hour they went rattling through the streets, and at last the driver pulled up his horses before a dingy-looking house in a very suspicious locality.

"Here we are," said Roland, as he stopped out. "This is to be your home for the present, Nora. I trust you will make the best of it."

Lifting her out, still in a half-unconscious state, he paid and dismissed the cabman; then led Nora into a dark, narrow hall, and up a flight of stairs.

He pushed open a door upon the landing. The next instant Nora found herself in a flare of coarse light, confronting a yellow-haired woman, who rose suddenly from an easy-chair.

It was the same woman who had sought her in the arbor at Rosewood the previous day—the woman who had then and there claimed to be Major Vaughn's wife!

"I have brought you a guest, Mrs. Saltonstall," said Roland, while the two were still staring at each other. He spoke the name with a peculiar, and what seemed like a significant intonation. "I hope you will take good care of her. She requires the strictest privacy. She will not go out, or see anybody save our two selves while she remains. You understand?"

Then, with a sly wink, he went out, leaving the two women alone together.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE "SEVEN STARS."

Early in the days of our childhood we learn one important fact—that there is a "man in the moon;" and straightway we proceed to ask our mother a number of pointed questions about the matter. She satisfies our youthful curiosity by telling us that he was placed there long, long ago, for stealing a head of cabbage, and that he has ever since been kept at hard labor, "piling brush," or collecting branches of trees as they are trimmed off by the axeman, preparatory to burning them out of the way. And when we look at the moon, and see a dark figure upon its disc, somewhat resembling, in outline, the shape of a man, and near it an additional dark spot, which might or might not be a pile of boughs, we go a great deal further than our mothers—we believe the story; and, having believed it, we secretly resolve, in our minds, never to commit a theft, lest a similar fate should be ours. And thus the silly fable at once becomes an important engine in forging and forming the character of the man.

The Indian mothers have a story somewhat like that of the "man in the moon," which they tell to their children as our mothers tell the story to us, with this difference, however, they believe the story themselves, while our mothers do not. Here it is:

Very long ago seven little boys took it into their heads to have a feast after the manner of their fathers, and they went to their mothers, praying for permission. Their mothers refused them; after which they decided to rebel, and have the feast anyhow. They procured a little white dog to sacrifice; and, having placed it upon the fire, they commenced dancing around, as they had seen their fathers do on momentous occasions. While they were thus engaged, they were suddenly caught up by some invisible power, and carried off through the air. Their mothers heard their cries, and came forth from their lodges, only to see them mount higher and higher, until they took their place among the stars in the sky, to dance on forever and ever.

When the Indian mother tells this story, she points out the seven stars of the Pleiades; and the embryo warrior trembles to think what an awful fate might befall the youth who was so thoughtless as to disobey his mother.

CURIOUS CHINESE PROVERBS.—The ripest fruit grows on the roughest wall. It is the small wheels of the carriage that come in first. The man who holds the ladder at the bottom is frequently of more service than he who is stationed at the top of it. The turtle, though brought in at the back gate, takes the head of the table. Better be the cat in a philanthropist's family than a mutton-pie at a king's banquet. The learned pig didn't learn its letters in a day. True merit, like the pearl inside an oyster, is content to remain quiet till it finds an opening. The top strawberries are eaten first. He who leaves early gets the best hat. Pride sleeps in a gilded crown; contentment in a cotton nightcap.

POVERTY, like other bullies, is formidable only to those who show that they are afraid of it.

OUT IN THE COLD.

A STORY OF NEW YEAR'S EVE.

BY A. C. E.

It was New Year's Eve, and the snow, which had been falling steadily all day, had now ceased. A stinging northwest wind was blowing. The streets were deserted, and most of the houses closed. One, however, and that the most imposing on one of the most fashionable streets in New York, blazed with light, for a ball was being given within.

Before one of the windows of this mansion, holding on to the railing, and looking in, was a woman, apparently not over twenty-one, and who had once been beautiful. But her form was now attenuated, as if by long illness, perhaps even hunger, and she was both poorly and thinly clad.

"That is Hetty," she said, in a hushed whisper. "How beautiful she has grown."

In her eagerness she rose on tip-toe, holding on to the railing, and lifting her head till her bonnet fell backwards.

At that moment a gay, well-remembered air rose from a superb band within.

"Ah! the 'Beautiful Blue Danube,'" she cried. "How I used to love to waltz to it."

She listened, breathlessly, till the last bars of the music had died away. Then the promenading began again.

"If papa would only come this way," she murmured. "He will never forgive me, I know; he will never, never speak to me again; but if I could only see his dear face only once——"

"Hillo, there!" cried a rough voice beside her, and a policeman's hand was laid on her shoulder. "None of this. Move on, move on."

She shrank as if polluted, and fled, frightened from the big, burly policeman. But she went no farther than around the corner. There, hiding in a doorway, she watched till he had disappeared on his beat, and then stealthily crept back to the window.

"Dear Hetty," she said, as a slender, graceful girl again approached the window, escorted by a gentleman, who bent down to listen to her in a way that told a whole story of love and adoration, "the glamour is on her, too. Heaven grant she may fare better than I did!"

Helen Fortescue, for that was the wayfarer's name, had been a high-spirited, petted, impulsive girl, when, at eighteen, she fell in love with a plausible, handsome adventurer, whom she clung to and believed in, even after she had been told his real character. Had her mother lived it might have been different, but Mrs. Fortescue had been dead for more than ten years, and poor Helen had grown up without that most invaluable of all things to a young girl, a mother's constant supervising care.

For now her once loving father seemed both prejudiced and tyrannical. There was a stormy interview, in which Mr. Fortescue forbade the suitor his house; an elopement; a vain appeal of the young wife for forgiveness; a curse, literally like that of the old Hebrews, pronounced on the disobedient child, and then a fainting girl was borne off, by terrified servants, to the carriage, which had awaited for her, and which bore her away, to wake, only too soon, from her dream of love and happiness.

For her husband did not even pretend to care for her now that he found she had come to him penniless. A few months after, when the money, raised by the sale of her jewels, was spent, he brutally deserted her. This happened at an out-of-the-way town, and the shock nearly cost Helen her life. Her baby, born in this hour of two-fold agony, only survived for a little while, and then the poor, hopeless girl was utterly desolate, for as long as the child lived, as long as Helen had something to love, she was not wholly miserable. She had supported herself, during all these sad months, partly by the sale of her wardrobe, and partly by her needle; but when the innocent baby lay in its humble grave, she was literally destitute. Then began a terrible struggle, a struggle merely for bread to eat. Hundreds of times Helen felt that it would be a blessing if she could die, but death would not come—she was too healthy, she had too much vitality, to sink even under such burdens as oppressed her. She lingered at the obscure town where her infant was buried, as long as she could, clinging to the last to that grass-grown hillock, where all that was left to her was laid; but subsistence was, from the first, difficult to be earned there, and finally became impossible, and then she set her face homeward, with a sort of desperate feeling, "Let me but see them once again, and then I will lie down and die."

By what lonely wanderings, through what hunger and sufferings, she fought her way, months after, back to New York, who can tell? Yet she did not return because she hoped to be forgiven. No; she knew her father too well for that. But at the end her health began to fail, a racking cough set in, and the desire grew on her to creep within sight of the old house, and lie down and die. Sometimes, in her nights of fever, she thought that perhaps she might catch a glimpse of Hetty, or her father, afar off, they not seeing her. Or perhaps they might brush by her in the street, so that she could touch their garments, unknown to them.

This very day she had reached the city penniless, having spent the last of her money in railroad fare. She had eaten nothing all day. She knew not where she was to sleep. She had come, instinctively, to the old home, but she did not dare to enter; all she could do was to look in, hopelessly, as she was doing now.

"How cold it grows," she said, as her teeth began to chatter, for the wind blew keener than ever. "I feel so tired, too. Oh, if I could only see papa!"

Gradually she grew more and more drowsy, but she did not feel so chilly now, only her limbs seemed to be giving way under her strangely, and her brain got dull and stunned.

"I will rest awhile," she said, finally, sitting down on the door-step. "By-and-bye I shall feel stronger. No wonder I am so tired, I have not slept at all, or so little, for so long."

When, some time after, the ball began to break up, and the first carriages to arrive, they found an insensible figure on the door-steps, half lying, half leaning against the railing. The news of so strange an event soon penetrated to the master of the house, usually kind-hearted almost to a fault.

"Bless me," he cried. "A homeless woman. Dead, or dying, did you say? Have her carried into the house. See that everything is done that can be. Why, on such a night, I wouldn't turn a dog from the door."

Helen was being borne in, according to these directions, when the old butler, who had been in the family for years, came bustling along the hall.

Changed as she was, he recognized her at once.

"What are you doing?" he cried, in a frightened tone. "Put her down there."

And he pointed to a lounge in the hall. He was so dazed he hardly knew what he said or did; his voice trembled till it ended in a quiver.

A crowd of curious servants and sympathizing guests gathered around the prostrate form, and the noise attracted the attention of Mr. Fortescue, who, with Hetty, stood in the back drawing-room, receiving the adieux of their departing guests.

The crowd parted to make way for the host. Hetty, by some inscrutable instinct, followed, putting her arm in his.

The moment Hetty saw that pale, wan face, she recognized her sister.

"Oh, papa! oh, papa! it is Helen," she cried, in a breathless whisper; and bursting into tears, she flung herself on her knees by the couch.

"Helen, dear Helen, don't you know me?" she sobbed. "Oh, she is dead! she is dead!" she cried, almost in a shriek.

For a moment Mr. Fortescue seemed about to stoop and drag Hetty away angrily from her sister. But something in the pale, inanimate face reminded him of his dead wife, as he had last seen her, just before the coffin lid was shut on her forever. He turned ashen pale, staggered, and would have fallen if the butler, who had been watching him anxiously, had not caught him.

"Air, air! For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, give him air!" cried that functionary.

The rush of the keen, frosty atmosphere from the open hall door, as the spectators drew back, partially revived Mr. Fortescue. He gasped for breath, looked blankly around, and put his hand to his head; then he recalled it all.

"Carry her in; take her to her old room," he said, with a choking sob. "Run for a doctor. Ah! Mr. Hunter," as one of his guests, an eminent practitioner in New York, rose from Helen's side, where he had been feeling her pulse, "I forgot you were here. Only fainted, you say? Thank heaven! Thank heaven! She that was lost is found," he added, unconsciously breaking into the words of Scripture, the tears rolling down his cheeks, his voice shaking, "she that was dead is alive again."

"Oh, papa!" cried Hetty, throwing her arms around her father's neck. "bless you for those words! We shall be—so happy—so happy—now——"

She broke down in hysteric sobs.

What more have we to tell? Helen recovered, in time, all her own health, though never her old vivacity. Life had been too hard for her for that. But she became what was better, a calm, earnest woman, whose ear was ever open to the cry of distress, a daughter who made her father's home happier than it had ever been, at least since the death of his wife.

For Hetty married and left Helen sole mistress. Helen had recognized her sister walking up and down the room, as we have seen; and it was then that Hetty had exchanged the vows that were to bind her for life on that never-to-be-forgotten New Year's Eve.

LONELINESS OF THE OCEAN.

One who has never traveled upon the ocean expects to find it somewhat thickly populated. He thinks of the vast travel and traffic that goes over the waters, and he is ready to imagine that the great deep is alive with this hurrying to and fro of nations. He reads of lands whose commerce whitens every sea, and he is ready to think that the ocean itself is as full of sails as the harbor of some mighty metropolis. But he finds his mistake. As he leaves the land, the ships begin to disappear; as he goes on his way they soon all vanish, and there is nothing about him but the blue sea and the bended sky. Sometimes he may meet or overtake a solitary ship through the day; but then, again, there will be many days when not a single sail will cross the ocean. There are spaces measured by thousands of miles, over which no ship has ever passed. The idea of a nation's commerce whitening every sea is the wildest fancy. If all the ships that ever have been built were brought together in a single fleet, they would fill but a hand's breadth of the ocean. The space, therefore, that man and his works occupy on the sea is so small in its extent, that the hold on it by his power is slight and superficial. Both together are as nothing. The ocean covers three-fourths of the surface of the globe; and by far the greater portion of this vast expanse is, and ever has been, entirely free from his presence and visitation.

DID you ever get up before daybreak; and watch the gradual progress of the morning light from dawn to perfect day? The change comes on gradually, but it is among the grandest and most impressive of natural phenomena. In the feeble twilight of morning a dull uniformity of color is spread over creation, but as the eastern heavens gradually brighten, and the upper strata of clouds catch and reflect the light of the advancing sun, the colors of objects begin to be perceived, and we hear the first sounds of awakening life. That wondrous sun-painting process continues until every spire of grass, and leaf, and flower, wet with the dews of morn, again resume their wonted colors. Every morning nature may be said to recreate the plant forms which adorn the surface of our planet, so great is the change produced in the appearance of the plant world by the re-appearance of the sun.

Assisting Nature.

It is of no use attempting to force nature. She won't stand it, and rebels. She must be coaxed, as it were, not driven. For instance, in attempting to overcome constipation or indigestion, violent, or what physicians call, by way of euphony, "heroic" treatment, is sure to defeat the purpose in view, which is, or should be, to permanently remedy the evil. The use of drastic cathartics is especially to be deprecated, for although they temporarily overcome costiveness, yet the intestines are so weakened and inflamed by them as to be rendered unfit to perform the ejective function properly. How much better to assist nature in such a case with such a mild and salutary aperient as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which strengthens at the same time that they relieve the bowels. Not only is this result achieved by their use, but the activity of the torpid liver is restored, the stomach invigorated, and the entire system greatly benefited.

THE FORCE OF IMAGINATION.

Dr. Buckland, the distinguished geologist, one day gave a dinner, after dissecting an alligator, having asked a good many of the most distinguished of his classes to dine with him. His house and all his establishment were in good style and taste. His guests congregated. The dinner-table looked splendid with glass, china, and plate, and the meal commenced with excellent soup.

"How do you like the soup?" asked the doctor, after having finished his own plate, addressing a famous gourmand of the day.

"Very good, indeed," answered the other; "turtle, is it not? I only ask because I do not find any green fat."

The doctor shook his head.

"I think it has somewhat of a musky taste," says another; "not unpleasant, but peculiar."

"All alligators have," replied Buckland; "the caymen peculiarly so. The fellow I dissected this morning, and which you have just been eating——"

There was a general rout, of guests; every one turned pale. Half a dozen started up from the table; two or three ran out of the room, and only those who had stout stomachs remained to the close of an excellent entertainment.

"See what imagination is," said Buckland. "If I had told them it was turtle, or terrapin, or bird's-nest soup, salt water amphibia, or fresh, or the gluten of a fish from the maw of a sea-bird, they would have pronounced it excellent, and their digestion would have been none the worse. Such is prejudice."

"But was it really an alligator?" asked a lady.

"As good a calf's head as ever wore a coronet," answered Buckland.

CHOICE READING

FOR THE

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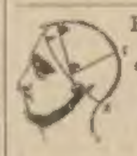

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The Boudoir — Fashion Notes & Queries

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

Our attention is absorbed at present by the contemplation of the new importations for spring styles which are each day rapidly pouring in.

A very decided change in tints has taken place, namely, a return to what are known as primary colors. For instance, blue is actually *blue* now, the old cerulean tint, undefiled by admixture of green or gray. Clear pinks and greens predominate largely among the lawns and lighter fabrics imported for evening wear. Do not suppose that we mean to say that the blended hues of several seasons past are extinct. Many of them are still shown, but they no longer assert the supremacy over the primary colors which they have hitherto done. For street wear, no colors will be more popular than brown and gray.

The old silver gray is revived, and has become again deservedly popular. No tint bears contrast better than this; it also possesses the advantage of suiting all ages. For the young, enlivened by bright ribbons, it is charming; for the more elderly, there is nothing so elegant as gray silk of this especially silvery hue, trimmed with black velvet or lace, or the two combined.

Raw silks, resembling Chinese silk or pongee, are also revived. They are not plain, as we can remember them some years ago, when they were in vogue, but pointed, or stamped with what are known as the matelasse designs. The texture is soft and light, draping gracefully, and is not easily crushed.

Checked and striped silks are also shown, in small figures. The plaids are broken and irregular. White is generally combined with some color, such as plum color and white, to form the underskirt and part of the overdress of a suit, where the remainder would be composed of plain plum color. We have seen a very pretty suit of this kind. The underskirt of checked, or, as it is technically termed, quadrille silk, dark navy blue, combined with white. It was made with a deep flounce at the bottom, put on in box plaits; above was a shirring, the puffs quite close together. A box plait was put on down the middle of the back width of the plain navy blue silk. The overdress had a square tablier or apron front of the plain blue silk. The side widths were of the plaid, and were buttoned on to the front width with large crochet buttons of dark blue. The back widths of the overdress was of an entirely new design; it was in the form of a long scarf; it was of the plaid, lined with the dark blue silk. It extended six inches below the side widths, and was then turned up, showing the plain blue lining, and fastened at the waist in a sort of bouffante, caught a little way down by a bow and long ends of blue and white plaid ribbon, about six inches in width. The effect was charming and elegant.

The corsage consisted of a sleeveless cuirass of the plaided silk, with puffed sleeves—lengthwise puffs—of the dark blue. A high, round collar of the latter, lined with the plaid, and terminating in double revers upon the bust, and square pockets on the side flaps of the basque complete this very pretty costume. It could be very well imitated in any of the striped and plaided serges, combined with a plain color.

We must not omit to describe a very new style of overskirt, of which we have received the pattern. It is the round apron shape, and is shirred directly up the middle of the front with four shirrings. It is edged with a knife-blade pleating five inches deep.

Several of the overskirts in the Parisian fashions have trimming up the middle of the front.

We have seen so charming a costume for a fancy ball, that we can not forbear giving it in detail to our readers. It is a "Bourbonnais" costume.

The underskirt, reaching only to the ankle, is of gray faille, trimmed at the bottom with a broad bias band of black velvet.

The upper skirt is plain and round, and is of bright scarlet, also trimmed with a band of black velvet, about three and a half inches wide; it is drawn away towards the back, and there gracefully looped by a broad bow of velvet.

The corsage is of black velvet, cut square back and front, and not coming up high upon the shoulders. A narrow band of gray silk encircles the top of it, above which is an even edging of lace, in which is run a narrow velvet ribbon. The corsage fits tightly, and is pointed in front. Down the centre of it is set on a piece of amber-colored silk about two and a half inches wide, upon which are placed four black velvet bows. Long sleeves, half tight fitting, with a square cuff of gray silk.

Peasant's hat of straw, with wide rim, tied down across the crown with a wide band of black velvet; the brim is lined and bound with gray silk.

Wide collarette of black velvet, close about the throat, to which is suspended a large gold cross.

ODDS AND ENDS.

All sorts of quaint fancies prevail in handkerchiefs now. Colored borders are the rage—some are of lawn—some have ribbon stitched on above a deep hem.

The coming grenadines and hernanis are plaided, striped, checked, "matelassed," and otherwise befigured.

New material for evening wear is shown, with stripes and squares of China crape, alternating with open-work or lace pattern stripes. Light tints are used.

A new stuff for dinner or evening wear has appeared in Paris, called "Le Nouvel Opera." It is of silk, brocaded with large vines and flowers, and is reversible.

Ties of China crape, with a square set in of ecru guipure d'art, are very stylish.

Gants de Suede are shown with dainty and comfortable cuffs of seal skin.

Byronic collars of linen, some plain, others edged with guipure, are much affected by very young and blonde ladies.

Linen cuffs are to be worn outside of the sleeve, as they used to be some years ago, pointed and buttoned on the outer seam.

Cuff buttons, to be *en regle*, must be either round or oblong.

The prettiest pendants to the "dog collar" necklaces of black velvet are crosses of yellow gold.

Embroidered polonaises no longer look stylish.

The percale shirt waists, so popular for several summers past, will be worn next season with very small box plaits, or else with horizontal tucks, back and front.

The "coming hat" for seaside and country wear is large, and of a very unique shape.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. H.—Sent pattern per express, as desired. Full directions given in the note accompanying them. Thanks for your kind wishes.

MINNIE R.—Your dressmaker is either very inexperienced, or has mistaken terms, if she insists that the sample you sent us of silk is the kind known as "matelasse." Your sample is only foulard. Matelasse has a quilted appearance, and is quite expensive.

ANNETTE K.—We do not think you a very "green country lass," as you so much fear, and are very happy to answer any question you may wish to know. We would advise you to wear your "long, thick locks" braided and looped in what is known as the "Catogen tie." Use black ribbon two inches wide to tie it. Yes, wear your white French muslin dress, by all means. Slippers are more appropriate for a dancing party.

MRS. L. C.—Your note received, asking for information concerning the making of your suit of pearl-colored camel's hair cloth. We would not advise a polonaise, for although still worn, they have a *passee* look. Why not have a deep overskirt and half-tight fitting basque, trimmed with twisted woolen fringe of the same shade as the cloth. Have the basque made double-breasted. We can furnish you with the pattern if you desire. NINON.

GARIBALDI'S WIFE.

Garibaldi was one day sitting in the cabin of a sloop, on the Lake of Santa Catharina, in Brazil, and looking towards the shore, when suddenly he saw at a farmhouse, situated on a neighboring hill, three or four girls busily engaged in domestic duties. They were all remarkable for their beauty; but one in particular arrested his attention for her uncommon grace and loveliness. He was still watching them when he received an order to go on shore. Immediately on landing, he directed his steps to the house. He was admitted by the owner, whom he happened to know slightly, having met him once before.

The impulse which had prompted him to go to the house was to address the girl he had so admired. On seeing her, he immediately besought her to become his wife. The girl, it seems, conceived an affection as warm and sudden as he had felt for her; and, after the lapse of a few short days, they were man and wife. The surname of this lovely Brazilian girl of the province of Santa Catharina, who became, under such peculiarly romantic circumstances, the wife of Garibaldi, has never been revealed. In all the biographies of the hero, she is alone mentioned by her Christian name of Anita. She seems to have been a brunette, of a rich, warm complexion, with black, piercing eyes, of a beautifully rounded figure, and a sort of queenly majesty of deportment; active, daring, high-spirited, and in every respect worthy of being the companion for life of such a man as Garibaldi.

Her courage was remarkable. A short time after their marriage, she went through an engagement at sea with her husband, refusing to go ashore; and during the fight she would stay nowhere but on deck, where she wielded a carbine, and cheered the men. In the heat of the battle, she was standing on deck, flourishing a sabre, and inspiring the men to deeds of valor, when she was knocked down by the wind of a cannon-ball that had killed two men standing close by her side. Garibaldi was springing forward to her, thinking he would find her a corpse, when she arose to her feet, covered with the blood of the men, who had fallen close to her, but quite unhurt.

He begged her to go below, and remain there until the action was over.

"I will go below," was the reply, "but only to drive out the sneaking cowards who are skulking there;" for only three seconds before she had seen three men leave the deck, and hurry rapidly down the hatchway, so as to escape out of danger of the storm of bullets that was sweeping the deck.

And, going below, she immediately re-appeared, driving before her the three men, overcome with shame that they should have been surpassed in courage by a woman.

She accompanied her husband in all his undertakings, and died while flying with him from the Austrians.

THE GIRLS OF JAPAN AT SCHOOL.

Throughout Japan it is the universal custom for young ladies, when arrived at the age of fourteen or fifteen, to be placed in what may be appropriately called a finishing establishment. This establishment has the following among other peculiarities, viz.: All the masters pay for the privilege of teaching, instead of (as the case with us) being paid for their lessons. This makes the instruction a labor of love. Then, again, to a certain extent, a Japanese young lady is allowed considerable freedom as to the selection of her instructors; she generally prefers the best looking.

The scholars do not sit in a close, pent-up room, filled with girls bolt upright, each perched upon an educational stool, but in a delightful garden fragrant with tea and flowers, surrounded by a number of little summer-houses embowered in the midst of the most charming vegetable products. Here are the bright-eyed damsels, with cheeks pink as the roses, moving around with graceful step, each bearing a small lacquer tray with tea and cakes. In each of these summer-houses there is a master or professor, either waiting the return of one of the refreshment-bearing damsels, or else sitting by the side of one who has already come back. Japanese girls remain in educational seminaries of this kind until marriage, and they make excellent wives.

TO PLEASE IN CONVERSATION.—A man may be very elegant, sprightly, eloquent, and witty in conversation—full of anecdote, and even interesting, and yet not please; while another without wit, elegance, eloquence, sprightliness, or much anecdote, will win the affections of everybody. The first one excites admiration without touching the heart—he talks for himself only, and selfishness always betrays itself, and is not tolerated easily. The other one is humble—thinks well of others and little of himself. Remember, in conversing, always to listen to others with complacency.

"DECLINED WITH THANKS."

Ambition sways in scores of ways
Her kingdom of aspiring men,
And I once dreamed to win my bays
With what I deemed a gifted pen.
It was my aim to claim a name
In lofty Literati's ranks,
But editors, those guards of fame,
To all my efforts said the same
Depressing words, "Declined with thanks."

And, heaven knows, I've penned in prose,
A thousand chapters of romance,
With lover's woes, and felon's throes,
And sailor's wreck, and soldier's lance,
And miser's greed, and pauper's need,
And schoolboy's escapades and pranks;
Though it was very hard, indeed,
To write what others ne'er might read,
But what would be "Declined with thanks."

Now weary, I, with tear and sigh
Heaved from the chasms of despair,
Write these last lines in memory
Of sweetness spent on "desert air."
O, Literature I'm sure has fewer
Prizes than unhappy blanks,
And points this homily demure,
That authorlings must oft endure
The buffet of "Declined with thanks."

SWORD AND SADDLE;

OR,

YOUNG AMERICA IN MEXICO.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD,

Author of "Silver Rifle," "River and Forest," Etc., Etc.

NUMBER 2.

Captain Rogers—Bombardment of Vera Cruz—Our heroes draw blood.

Our young adventurers reached Mobile in time to secure passage in the steamer Rutledge, bound for New Orleans. The voyage to the Crescent City was full of wonder and pleasure, and passed without incident worth relating here. Among the shipping in the offing the boys sought for the Voltican, which was at last pointed out to them by an old naval officer and fellow-passenger who was on his way to join Commodore Conner's squadron near Tampico. As the old salt intended to take passage in the Voltican, the boys put themselves in his care, and as soon as practicable, the trio sought Captain Rogers.

The captain was a man who had passed his sixtieth year, and reminded Richard of the pictures of the old vikings in his great uncle's library at the old homestead. He had spent forty-five years on salt water, and every port in the world was known to the keel of his craft. He was personally acquainted with the naval officer, whose hand he shook cordially, and cast a lowering glance at the boys.

"Little craft without a pilot, and in unknown waters," he said, looking at the officer.

"Not in unknown waters, if you please," said Frank, quickly. "Will you please to read this letter from Uncle Maurice."

A moment later the commander was mastering the contents of the metamorphosed letter, and all of a sudden he caught the boys' hands.

"So you're Major Hatton's nephews," he said. "Certainly the Voltican will take you to that old sword-bearing landlubber. God bless my old friend! Many a bowl of punch we drank together ten years ago in Hamburg."

The young adventurers were overjoyed, and when they had the freedom of the deck they exchanged congratulations.

"I knew the letter would get you through, Dick," said Frank. "Now do not forget that you are Richard Hatton until we leave this ship. Uncle Maurice will laugh heartily when I tell him how we hoodwinked Captain Rogers. Wouldn't Tom Dawson like to be with us?"

"Ah! wouldn't he?" said Richard, half regretfully. "He'll be lonely without us. Tom's foibles overbalance his good qualities, I'm afraid, and I think we will be the gainers by his absence."

Frank concurred in his comrade's opinion concerning the companion they had left behind, and the twain longed for the departure of the Voltican.

Captain Rogers, for the sake of his old friend, the major, was quite attentive to his new *proteges*. He explained the different parts of a vessel, and took them ashore where, at a military store, he purchased pistols and uniforms.

"If you go to fight the Mexicans," he said, "you must go as soldiers, and, mind you, I don't want you to disgrace the uniforms you wear."

The boys in an outburst of patriotism declared that they would never turn their backs to the foe, and the old salt, patting them on the shoulder, cried "Bravo!"

At last the Voltican, in conjunction with several transports, weighed anchor, and gradually the Crescent City faded from view. The winds were fair, and the little fleet kept together without any difficulty.

In due time the Isle of Lobos was reached, and Frank Hatton found himself in his uncle's arms. As he had said, the major laughed heartily when he was informed of the manipulation of the letter, and welcomed Richard like a gallant soldier.

"I don't know about a horse for you, Richard," he said. "It was with difficulty that I could secure one for Frank; but I trust something favorable will turn up ere long."

Richard was somewhat chagrined at this, but submitted with the best grace he could, and rejoiced that he was going to take part in a campaign under the leadership of that old veteran, Winfield Scott.

The Isle of Lobos, a place of no especial note, lies to the south of Tampico, and was well adapted for the rendezvous of a fleet and army. It is about two hundred and thirty miles northwest from Vera Cruz, and must not be confounded with the Lobos Islands, not far from the coast of Peru.

The Voltican found Scott's army and Commodore Conner's fleet at the rendezvous. Thirteen thousand soldiers, and a vast amount of the materials of war, had been brought together on the water-washed shores of Lobos, and the greatest activity was manifest. To strengthen his army of invasion, Scott had weakened Taylor's forces, and some of the troops were fresh from the fields of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma.

Our heroes watched with interest the movements of troops and fleet, and one fair day in March all sails were spread and the island was deserted. Southward ho! was the cry now, and the frigate Raritan led the way to Point Anton Lizardo, a distance of ten miles from Vera Cruz. It was intended that the army should debark there, but Scott changed his mind, and, on the 9th of the month just mentioned, the soldiers again touched Mexican ground on the beach but three miles from San Juan de Ulloa.

An exultant thrill penetrated the hearts of the young adventurers when they found themselves on the mainland of the country of the Montezumas, and they lent willing hands to the debarkation of the munitions of war. They were quite strong, and full of enthusiasm, and acquired the notice of officers of the army and navy.

The investment of the Mexican city, and the world-renowned Castle of San Juan de Ulloa, was commenced at once, and completed on the 12th.

"Don't you think they will surrender?" asked Frank Hatton of the major during the interval that prevailed between Scott's demand for surrender and the governor's reply.

"Surrender!" echoed the old soldier. "Frank, my boy, you don't know Morales. The majestic front of war won't terrify him. Scott is not looking for a surrender now; he knows that he must spill brave blood before the stars and stripes wave over Vera Cruz."

It happened as the major had spoken. The American general's demand elicited an indignant reply from the governor, and the trenches having been opened, the terrible Paixhan batteries, but eight hundred yards from the doomed city, shook the solid earth with their discharges.

From daylight till dark, from dark till dawn again, the roar of battle was terrific. The Mexicans replied to the American fire with spirit and some effect, and our young heroes saw the mangled borne to the rear.

"I have news for you, Dick," said Frank Hatton to his comrade, one evening. "Uncle Maurice informs me that one of his command has fallen in the trenches, and that he has secured his sword and horse for you."

"Good!" cried Richard, overjoyed. And away they went to find the major.

That worthy was soon discovered and took the boys to the cavalry horses which were congregated beyond the enemy's fire. The steed thereafter to be ridden by Richard was a well built black horse, possessed of much spirit, and indicative of speed. He at once took the eye of his new master, who leaped into the saddle, impatient to try his mettle.

"Let us try our steeds to-night," said Richard, when the major, returning to the trenches, left them alone.

"Try them! What do you mean, Dick?"

"I mean to reconnoitre towards the city," was the reply. "We can ride south of Grimm's battery and escape the fire of both armies. Think how grand it will be to sit in our saddles, midway between besieged and besiegers, and see the fire of the great guns, and the flaming parabolas of the shells."

Frank Hatton became excited with the idea.

"Do not mention a word of it to the major," he said. "We will tell him all when we return. We came to Mexico for adventure, and might as well have it now."

Night settled down over the scene of war, but the roar of the cannon did not cease for a moment. Fiery rainbows, as it were, flamed across the sky, and great balls of flame dropped into the ill-starred city.

It was during the gloom and the battle that our adventurers, well mounted, rode beyond the last American battery, and turned the heads of their steeds towards Vera Cruz. They kept close together, for the night was quite dark, the smoke of battle having effectually obscured the stars.

To their left the fiery trails of the shells were visible, and a light far ahead told them that in several places Vera Cruz was on fire. At length they halted and surveyed the warlike scene, talking the while in their natural tones, for they looked for no enemy on the neutral ground.

"I long for a brush with the Mexicans," said Frank Hatton. "I want to use my sword and my pistols. Uncle Maurice says he wants to see us fight."

The last word was still quivering the boy's lips, when an object darker than the smoke clouds sprang from the ground before his steed, and a hand griped the bridle rein. The horse with a wild snort of terror started back, almost unseating his rider, and a cry from Richard told that he, too, was attacked.

"Cut them down, Dick!" cried Frank, drawing his sword as a pair of hands caught his leg, and were trying to pull him from the saddle.

"Caramba!" was the Spanish oath that followed the blow which the major's nephew delivered, and the man staggered from the horse.

At the same time the rein was released, and Frank wheeled his steed.

He saw the flash of his comrade's pistol, as he did so, and a moment later the young Americans were using their spurs, and flying from the field.

"Those fellows crawled upon us," said Frank.

"I struck my man with all my might, and my blade is wet. It must be Mexican blood!"

"I fired as you struck," replied Richard, "and heard these words: 'Caramba! must Guivalja die?'"

"Then you slew your man, Dick. Old Winfield must look up some epaulettes soon. We'll outrank the major when we go back."

And talking thus the boy heroes did not draw rein until they found themselves well within the American lines.

SALT.

Spilling salt was held to be an unlucky omen by the Romans, and the superstition has descended to ourselves. Leonardo da Vinci availed himself of this tradition in his famous picture of the "Lord's Supper," to indicate Judas Iscariot by the salt-cellar knocked over accidentally by his arm. Salt was used in sacrifice by the Greeks and Romans, and also by the Jews, and is still made use of in baptism by the Roman Catholic clergy. It was an emblem of purity, and of the sanctifying influence on others of a holy life; hence our Lord tells his disciples, "Ye are salt of the earth." The salt being spilt after it was placed on the head of the victim was considered a bad omen, being supposed to signify that the sacrifice was not accepted; and hence the superstition. When we say of a shiftless fellow that he does not "earn his salt," we unconsciously allude to an ancient custom among the Romans. Among them a man was said to be in possession of a "salary" who had his "salarium," his allowance of salt-money, or of salt, wherewith to savor the food by which he lived. Thus salary comes from salt—and in this view of the world, how many there are who do not "earn their salt."

TRUTH irritates those only whom it enlightens, but does not convert.

Correspondents' Bureau

☞ All communications should be addressed to R. J. C. WALKER, Editor and Proprietor SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 727 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia.

☞ This Department will be found an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

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TERMS for 1875, POSTAGE PREPAID TO ANY ADDRESS: SINGLE SUBSCRIBERS, one copy, four months, $1.00; six months, $1.50; one year, $3.00. CLUBS—Four copies, one year, postpaid, for $10.00, which is $2.50 per copy. Eight copies, one year for $20.00, and an additional copy FREE to any one remitting that amount at one time. Additions may be made to Clubs at same rates, viz: $2.50 each.

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Authors and others will take notice that, by rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicals are subject to letter rates. Rejected MSS. will not be returned, unless by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to prepay postage.

PURCHASING BUREAU.

In consequence of frequent applications from numerous correspondents living at a distance, for the purchase of books, jewelry and many other articles, the above department has been established. It is in charge of a thoroughly competent and responsible person, who will hereafter execute commissions for the purchase of goods of every description. The FASHION ENTRIES will give special attention to articles for Ladies' toilet. All orders must be accompanied by the money to be expended, with instructions as to kind, quality and quantity of goods desired. Packages forwarded by mail or express to any part of the country.

*** BY AN ACT OF CONGRESS passed June 23, 1874, the mailing of articles of merchandise, in packages not exceeding *four pounds* in weight, on payment in postage at the rate of one cent for each two ounces is permitted. The former law limited the weight to one pound. The new law, therefore, will prove of great accommodation to the public, enabling people at a distance to send orders to the large cities for innumerable articles, such as dry goods, clothing, books, jewelry, seeds, bulbs, photographs, tools, stationery, teas, engravings, etc., etc., and to have the articles sent by mail at much less than express rates.

CORRESPONDENTS' NOTES AND QUERIES.

CHARLIE.—There is no prescribed rule in respect to the frequency of correspondence between engaged persons when separated. They may write just as often as their leisure and inclination will permit.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—It is far better to "bear the ills we have than to fly to those we know not of." Perhaps if we were to advise a remedy that might act against nature in one way, she might revenge herself upon us in another.

GYMNAST.—To make oneself strong and muscular is not always within one's power. Some persons are constitutionally weak and thin, and never become otherwise. But if anything can improve the health and invigorate the body, it is plenty of outdoor exercise, with a careful diet and regular habit of living.

E. H. (Philadelphia).—"Will a globe full of water weigh any more with a live fish in it than without?" If the globe was full before the fish was put in then it will make no difference, since the fish will displace its own weight of water, which will run over. If the globe was only partially filled, then, though the fish is upheld by the buoyancy of the water, it adds its own weight to that of the water.

MATTIE.—The feelings of a pure and right-minded woman will generally be a safe guide in a matter of the kind you have stated to us. If you do not return the affection of the gentleman whose company you have been accepting, it would not be only proper but your duty to decline his presents, the acceptance of which would mislead him. You must do this in such a way as to let him understand that you have esteem, but no warmer feeling for him.

X. Y. Z.—If a lady meets a gentleman whom she knows, on the street cars, he should not offer to pay her fare. She might very properly resent any such offer on his part, as an insult. 2. As a general rule of etiquette, persons can only become introduced to each other through the medium of some mutual friend. There are no other legitimate means. Ladies are especially debarred, by all the rules of propriety and decorum, from seeking introductions to gentlemen in any irregular way.

LOVER OF BIRDS.—The canary is above all singing birds the most popular. These birds were originally from the Canary Islands, but they were introduced into Europe during the sixteenth century. The German birds are the best singers, and in Hanover no less than sixty thousand are raised annually. There are exported to America from France and Germany about seventy thousand every year. While the German bird fanciers have bestowed their whole efforts upon the vocal powers of the canary, French fanciers have by judicious breeding greatly increased the size and symmetry of the birds.

F. J. M.—The hair grows naturally on the head, and commences shortly after birth, but whiskers, moustaches and beard do not appear until long after childhood has passed. In some these hirsute appendages come early, in others later, and in some when they do arrive, they are so scanty as to be little better than none at all. We don't believe, however, in forcing them. Nature is the best judge of what our constitutions are able to stand. We do not think that the mixture we recommended to the fair correspondent in a recent issue, to promote the growth of her hair, would be much use to you for the face; but it may possibly turn out so, on the principle that "what is sauce for the goose may be sauce for the gander."

J. M. (Danville).—"In the case of a married woman dying without leaving a will, what is the law in this State as to the disposition of her property, she having left a husband and several children? I should be much obliged if you can answer this question." The intestate laws of Pennsylvania make the following provision for such a case as the one you mention: "Where any married woman possessed of separate *personal property* as aforesaid shall die intestate [that is without leaving a will] shall leave a child or children living, her *personal estate* shall be divided among the husband and such child or children share and share alike: if any such child or children, being dead, shall have left issue, such issue shall be entitled to the share of the parent."

T. S., JR.—Don't you think that the parents are wise in denying you the company of their daughter? By your own acknowledgment you are not in a position to support her. Do you want to marry her and become a burden on her and your parents? Love in a cottage is as pleasant as love in a palace—often truer and more lasting; but it does not appear that you are possessed of even a cottage for that love to take root in. If you can show by energy and industry that you are able to support a wife, we doubt if the parents would object to the girl receiving your addresses; and until you can prove to them that you are competent to assume the responsibility of a family, they would be neglecting their daughter's interest and welfare did they allow of your seeking her hand.

KATIE K. asks "How can a moderately good-looking girl increase her attractions?" Only by culture. She must cultivate her mind. An ignorant and illiterate woman, even if she attract the attention, cannot retain the interest of an intelligent man. She must do this by reading, by study, by reflection, and by familiar conversation with the best and most highly educated persons with whom she comes in contact. But the heart must be cultivated as well as the head. "Of all things," exclaimed a highly educated and refined gentleman, after nearly a lifetime's familiarity with the best society—"of all things give me softness and gentleness in woman." A harsh voice, a coarse laugh—trifles like these have suddenly spoilt many a favorable first impression. The cultivation of the heart must be real, and not feigned. A woman who studies to appear, rather than to be, good and generous, seldom succeeds in deceiving the opposite sex in these respects. She who in truth seeks earnestly to promote the happiness of those around her, is apt soon to obtain admirers among men. No woman ever otherwise so completely triumphs over a rival, as when she is seen in good earnest to prefer that rival's interest to conscientiousness. Without this as a touchstone of character, no matter what her charms and acquirements, she cannot expect to command the lasting regard of any man whose love is worth having.

SORELY TEMPTED.—We cannot do better than refer you to the following verse from Scripture: "A good name is better than precious ointment; and the day of death than the day of one's birth." However wearying and laborious your position may now be, it is at least honest, and the bread earned by the "sweat of the brow" must taste sweeter than that purchased by the loss of self-respect and the good opinion of friends. Do not put any faith in the promises made you; they are almost certain to prove delusive, and you will not have the smallest power to compel their fulfilment. However flattering the immediate prospect may be its continuance depends merely on the fancy or whim of the promiser. Such uncertainty should, as Shakespeare says:

"Make us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of."

Take our advice; dismiss the idea from your mind, and remember constantly the words "Lead us not into temptation."

E. H. (Pittsburgh, Pa.)—"What was the origin or cause of the Mexican war that commenced in the spring of 1847?" It was caused, immediately, by the annexation of the Independent State of Texas (which was once a part of Mexico, and had separated by means of a revolution) to the Union. Hostilities were threatened by Mexico, and Gen. Zachary Taylor was ordered by the President to march into Texas to the borders of the Rio Grande with an army of occupation. In January, 1846, he took position opposite the Mexican city of Metamoras, and commenced a fortification, which he called Fort Brown. Soon after this hostilities began, and continued until near the close of 1847. General Taylor invaded Central Mexico, and General Scott, beginning at Vera Cruz, penetrated the country to the capital, gaining victories at every step. He took possession of the City of Mexico on September 14, 1847. A treaty of peace was signed at Guadalupe Hidalgo on February 2, 1848. By this war the United States came in possession of Northern Mexico and California.

READER.—The number of words in the English language has been variously estimated. Webster's Dictionary contains 81,011; Walker's, 79,114; Worcester's, about 82,000; and Johnson's, about 84,000. But the number of words in actual use is about 40,000, and those employed in daily conversation about 16,000. Disregarding nautical, astronomical, legal, medical, and scientific terms, and all those peculiar to any single trade or pursuit, we find that 40,498 remain. Of these, 20,500 are nouns—about one-half—9,200 adjectives, 8,000 verbs, 2,600 adverbs, 68 prepositions, 88 interjections, 40 pronouns, 19 conjunctions, and 2 articles. It will thus be perceived that more than one-fourth of the words (11,800) are used to indicate quality or comparison, in which branch of language English is exceptionally rich and varied. Of the 81,011 words in Webster's Dictionary, 55,524 are of Latin or Greek origin, 22,230 of Anglo-Saxon, 1,723 of Semitic, 443 of Celtic, and 98 of Sclavonic. Of the 79,114 in Walker's Dictionary, 56,108 are traced to the Latin or Greek, 21,777 to the Anglo-Saxon, 796 to the Semitic and Eastern tongues, and 461 Sclavonic.

W. E. F.—"What is the correct reading of the phrase so often quoted about 'The Mills of the Gods grind slowly.' Is it 'The Mills of the Gods,' or 'The Mills of God,' and by whom was it first used?" This saying is one of the oldest in the world. How long before Plutarch wrote, it was in use, no one can say. He writes "I do not see what better it is to them who grind late in those so-called mills of the Gods," &c., expressing the idea of punishment coming late. There is an old Greek line of poetry by some unknown author: "*Opse theon alesousi muloi, aleesunt de lepton*" (the mills of the Gods grind late, but grind fine). In late Latin the expression, "*Sero molunt Deorum molæ*," in which the idea was, with emphasis on *molunt*: "the mills of the Gods do grind at last (late)." George Herbert, in his Jacula Prudentum, says: "God's mill grinds slow, but sure." Longfellow translates from Frederich Von Logau, Seventeenth Century:

"Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet
they grind exceedingly small;
Though with patience He stands waiting, with
exactness grinds He all."

TOBACCONIST.—"Can you tell me anything about Latikia tobacco, where it comes from, and what is the difference between it and what is called Persian tobacco?" Latikia tobacco, known also as Syrian and Turkish tobacco, was first introduced among our tobacco growers by Bayard Taylor, who brought the seed from Mt. Lebanon. It is one of the finest and most delicate of smoking tobaccos, and is mild in flavor, imparting a peculiar odor resembling the flavor of dried roses. It is used chiefly for the more delicate tobaccos and cigars. It differs from other varieties of tobacco in many essential particulars, the principal being the branched stem, each offshoot bearing flowers; the leaves, also, do not clasp the stalk, but are attached by a long stem, and are not lanceolate, but ovate in form; the flowers are green or light yellow. The plant grows to about two and a half feet in height. It is said by some writers to be a native of America, but grows wild in other countries, and is a hardy annual in English gardens, flowering from midsummer to Michaelmas, so that by some botanists it has been termed "common or English tobacco." This variety has been thoroughly tested by many of our tobacco growers, but, owing to the smallness of the plants, could not be grown with profit, unless the price obtained should be far in advance of what is usually received for our seed by variety. Persian tobacco is also known as Shiras tobacco, and is entirely different from Latikia, the leaves being much longer and larger, while the flowers are white. It is a native of Persia, and is used for the manufacture of their most delicate kinds for smoking. Lindely, in speaking of this variety, says that it is not fitted to form cigars, as it does not readily ignite. It is also never used medicinally as other tobaccos are or have been.

MISCELLANEOUS.—HELEN B.—Your handwriting and the composition of your letter are both very creditable. M. S. F.—You are rather young for marriage, but not too young, and, perhaps, under the circumstances in which you are placed, you would be much more happy as a wife. D. D.—You had better seek an immediate explanation, and if you find that she is playing with you, discard her at once. It may be painful, but it is better to do so than run the risk of being deceived hereafter. GERTIE.—We have already given several remedies for freckles. We give you another: mix half an ounce each of lime juice and alum in half a pint of rose water. J. A. C. K.—The 29th of May, 1849, fell on a Tuesday. LAURA.—Modesty and cheerfulness are the best charms we know of for winning and retaining a young man's affections. E. WEST.—The 21st of May, 1832, fell on Monday. We do not know where you could get an almanac of that year. L. J. A.—Gout or rheumatism will cause the joints to swell. You should consult a medical man. M. O. B.—We never heard of such a receipt for promoting the growth of the beard and could not, therefore, recommend it. MABEL.—There is nothing like exercise in the open air to beautify the complexion and restore its lost bloom. DAN.—We regret our inability to explain the process you inquire about. It would take up too much space. LILLIE.—Opal rings are not suitable and never given as an engagement ring.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*

OUR GOLD PREMIUMS!

TO AGENTS AND CANVASSERS.

In the Circular Letter sent to Agents and Canvassers, as an incentive to and reward for extra exertion, three Premiums in Gold Coin were offered to those furnishing the three largest lists of Subscribers, by the first of February, 1875.

Recently we have received a number of communications urging strongly that the time be extended.

After consideration we have concluded to accede to these requests, coming as they do from some of our most energetic agents. At the same time we have also determined to INCREASE the amounts of the Premiums offered, as follows:

One hundred and twenty-five—$125.00—dollars in Gold to the Agent who sends us the largest list;

Seventy-five—$75.00—dollars in Gold to the Agent who sends us the second largest list;

Twenty-five—$25.00—dollars in Gold to the Agent who sends us the third largest list, by the THIRTY-FIRST (31st) DAY OF MARCH, 1875—notice of which will appear in the POST.

Each Agent is credited on our books with the name and number of every subscription received on his or her order.

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